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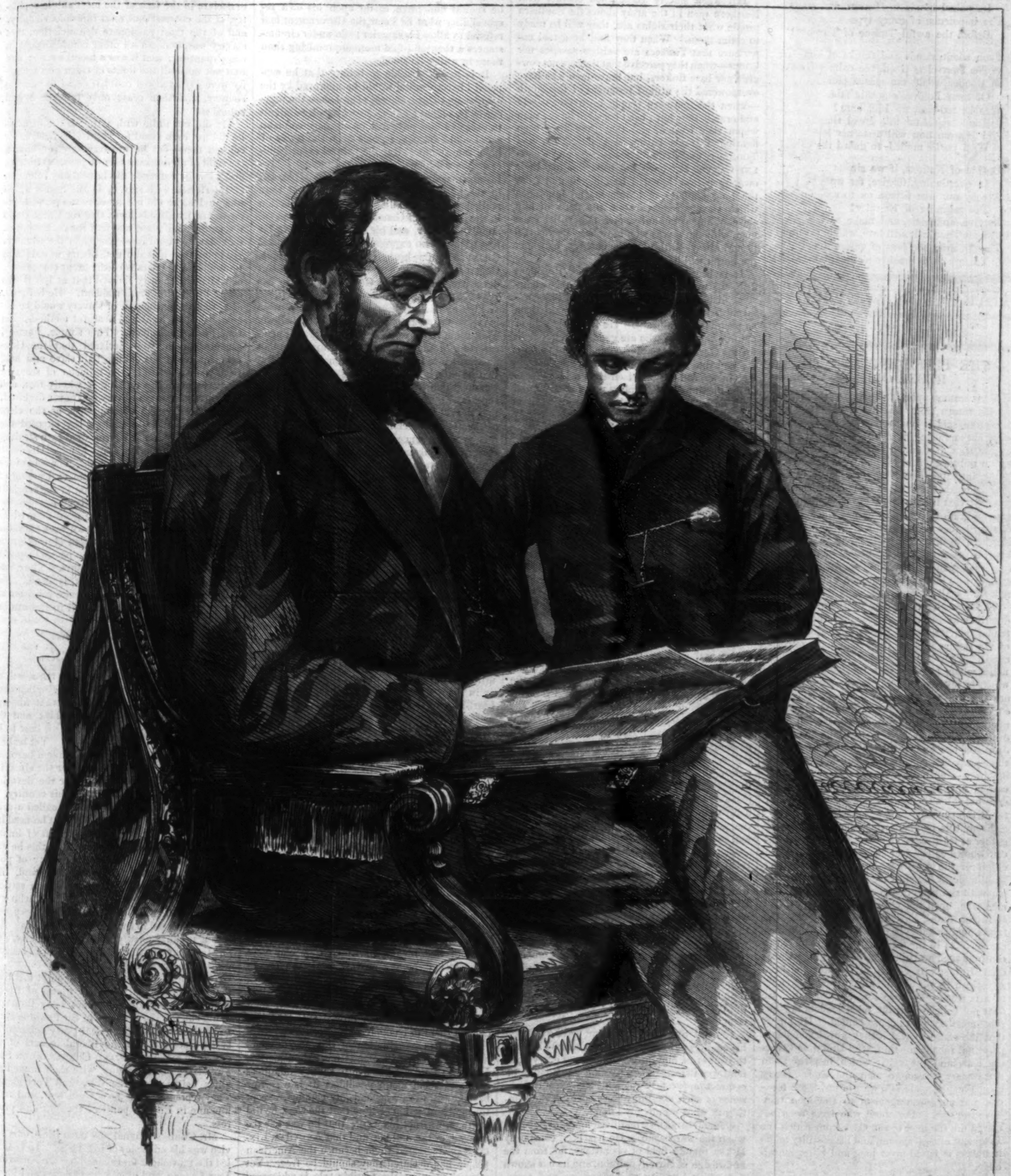


PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT HOME.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

FUNERAL ODE.

When raging earthquakes bury towns,
Or fierce volcanoes lash their manes
Of boundless, fiery ruin round
The groaning hills and shrieking plains,
The world may fitting emblems find
To speak the horror of its heart,
In cities craped, in banners furled,
And all the solemn show of art.

But when a Human Hand is turned
Into a ruthless demon-power,
And smites a nation in its Chief,
Even at his triumph's crowning hour,
What emblems shall Man fitting find,
What types sad, grand enough to show
The horror shaking continents,
And their infinity of woe?

Alas! alas! we wildly feel
There should be still some outward sign,
And so we furl the shining flag
And darkly cloud the glowing shrine.
How vain! At last the Nation lifts
Its naked hands to Heaven, and owns
The impotence of every type
Before the awful Throne of Thrones:

Then silent stands and thinks of him
The swerveless Good, the calmly Great:
In wonder would the reason pierce
Of their Beloved's mystic fate.
Was he too dear an Idol here?
Too *merciful* for this dread time?
Did Heaven now will a sterner hand,
With *justice* mailed, to guard the clime?

O God of Nations, if we sin
In questioning, forgive, for we
Are by our woe driven on to seek
The meaning of Eternity!
Forgive, and bless, and make us feel
That Thou wilt still love, watch, save all,
Though even the best of rulers die,
Though earth should sink and planets fall!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 6, 1865.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE REBEL CHIEFS.

In his sermon upon the Sunday morning after his return from Charleston the Rev. Mr. Beecher said it was a fact, which would be soon authenticated, that before the war began by the shot at Sumter the chief conspirators took a military officer of the United States, now living, into their secret council, and said that they knew that the South had never been oppressed; that it had always governed the country; and that the denunciation of the agitation of the Slavery question, and of the injustice of Northern tariffs, etc., was merely the method by which they dragged the people of the South into their plans. For the two sections, they said, can no longer live together, and we mean that they shall be separated.

These are the men whom President Johnson describes as leaders. These are they whose tender mercies he and the faithful Union men of the Border and of the South have experienced. These are the chiefs whom he has in mind when he says that treason is a crime which is justly punishable by the laws. These are the leaders, of whom John C. Breckinridge is one, who doubtless dictated the terms of Sherman's extraordinary convention with Johnston. They are men whom Andrew Johnson has known all his life—their spirit, their purpose, their cruel despotism, their guilty ambition—and he says steadily, upon every occasion, holding them full in his eye, that he does not think the enormity of the crime should remit the penalty.

From this opinion, which he reiterates, we gather at least one conclusion. The men hitherto known as political leaders at the South, the chiefs of the rebellion that has wet the land with innocent blood, will not be allowed to tamper with the pacification of the country. The men who, upon the plea of the supreme sovereignty of States, have arrayed the people of the South against those of the North, now that they are defeated in the field, will not be suffered to continue their work in the Legislature. President Johnson is clearly of opinion that the American people are not disposed to surrender to arts what they have refused to arms. He does not believe that the rebel leaders are less rebellious because they are baffled. He knows that the cause to which they are devoted is a perpetual rebellion against the Union and Government, and the spirit which inspires them a necessary treason to man and God. Every speech he has made is a warning to those leaders, and an encouragement to the men they have betrayed. For those who have been deceived are the men of the class from which the President himself sprang, and his hostility to the betrayers is based upon long and bitter knowledge.

President Johnson can do this country no better service than by persuading it of the cardinal truth that the regeneration of the South is not to come from men like Davis, Hunter, Wigfall, Benjamin, Slidell, Mason, and their fellow-conspirators and "eminent confederates," but will proceed from the mass of the Southern people white and black. The slaveholding class is not large. The actual pecuniary and political interest of the mass of the population in slavery has been very slight. They have been influenced by it as a prejudice, not a palpable advantage. The great proprietors of the South, who owned the land and the slaves, and who monopolized political power, have always purposely kept the poorer class of whites ignorant. They were painfully degraded. The faithful reports of the best observers for many years have shown us how sad their condition was. And this class could be kept silent while slavery endured. So long as their color was itself a symbol of superiority, and being wretched and poor, they could yet claim to belong, though but in name, to the ruling class, and despise a servile race, so long they were content to eat clay and submit to a condition against which every man bearing the name of American ought instinctively to protest.

But when slavery goes, when contact with Northern men in the army shows the Southern people what their rights are, they will be ready to claim them. When they find by actual experience that Yankees are neither savages nor brutes—when they perceive that they are not cowards nor base tinkers, but brave men who have overpowered the utmost resources of the South—when the Southern people learn how basely and cruelly they have been deceived by the men whom they trusted, and that they have been fighting Davis's battle, and Hunter's, and Toombs's, and Jacob Thompson's, and Clement Clay's, but have not been fighting their own, then they too will be emancipated from the long bondage of blindness and ignorance which slavery imposes upon the mass of any slaveholding community, and *they* will be the men, with the slaves who have been instinctively and always faithful to the country, by whom the South will be regenerated.

It is because in the speeches of President Johnson we find the indications of this wholesome disbelief in the rebel chiefs and this cordial faith in the multitude that we regard them as peculiarly significant. He is clearly also of opinion that those who are good enough to fight for the Government are good enough to vote for it; and that a black heart is a more serious defect in an American citizen than a black face. If the measures of the policy now foreshadowed shall be as temperate and firm as its spirit is true the work that Abraham Lincoln wisely began Andrew Johnson will wisely finish.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

The convention of General Sherman with the rebel General Johnston is not the least of the astounding events of the last few weeks. The rebellion had failed. Its chief army was disbanded. Its military chief had surrendered. Its civil chief was a fugitive. Its capital had fallen. Its last sea-port was gone. The sudden dispersion of its offensive force had been marvelous, when the hero of Georgia and of the Carolinas, the soldier who had led his army through the rebel section from the Ohio to the coast, the Lieutenant who had just returned from an interview with his superior at City Point, and who knew as every body in the country knew that the idea of an armistice had been steadily repelled by the people and the Government, who knew that when President Lincoln went to Hampton Roads to meet the rebel commissioners he expressly told General Grant not to suspend military operations for a moment, who knew that General Grant himself while corresponding with Lee was still fighting him, the soldier who knew all this and the terms upon which Johnston's superior had just surrendered to his own superior officer, suddenly quits the military sphere, and dashing into the political and diplomatic, fails as signally and sadly as before he had gloriously triumphed.

General Sherman not only treats with the rebel General Johnston, but with "high officials"—that is to say, with the conspirators who have formed what was called "the Confederate Government." He says to his army that, when ratified, the terms will secure peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Ratified by whom? He has already told us in the convention with Johnston: "Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms," etc. They are then to be ratified by the principals—that is, by the Government of the United States and the "Confederate Government."

General Sherman could not have surprised his country more if he had surrendered his army to Johnston, and the first emotion of every loyal man was the wish to await some explanation of conduct apparently inexplicable. In the absence of such assistance we must seek the solution in what we already know.

General Sherman had lived long in Louisiana when the war began. He has been constantly in the remote field of operations, far from the knowledge of current opinion, and he has shown a peculiar hostility to newspapers and correspondents. He had no special sympathy with the moral sentiment which animated the patriotism of the Northern States. He probably held the Southern view of slavery, although he did not hesitate to say, while opposed to the arming of colored men, that whoever was worthy to carry a musket in defense of the Government was not unworthy to cast a ballot. He has, however, always taken a purely military view of the rebellion. His demand has constantly been merely that the insurgents should lay down their arms; and he said last autumn that the war had but just begun. By this we understood him to mean that the spirit of rebellion was so desperate that it would prevent the possibility of peace so long as any considerable number of rebels remained in arms.

It was a necessary result of such opinions that he should believe a consent to disband its military forces was a result to be bought of the rebellion at almost any price. We must assume that his experience in Georgia and the Carolinas had confirmed this view. But it still remains inexplicable why he should suppose that he could not make as favorable terms for his country with the miscellaneous army of Johnston as General Grant had, as he knew, already made with the veterans of Lee; or why he should undertake to do upon his own responsibility what he knew the Government had refused to allow his superior to do under circumstances a thousand-fold more unpromising than those in which he stood.

It is hardly possible to believe that he supposed his convention would be approved by the country and Government, even before the murder of President Lincoln; and equally difficult to perceive how any man of ordinary common sense could anticipate peace upon the terms of his arrangement. But the painful event vindicates the wisdom of President Lincoln in refusing from the beginning to allow the Generals in the field to decide the questions that were really political. He disapproved all such action in the instances of Generals Fremont, Hunter, and M'Clellan, and his last official act in his first term was an express instruction to General Grant to confine himself to military operations. General Sherman knew that this was the undeviating policy of the Government. He has yet to explain why he utterly disregarded it.

That he had any personal political advantage in view the country will hesitate to believe. That some vision of being the great final Pacificator for a moment bewildered an impetuous and imperious nature is not inconceivable. But that he utterly misunderstands the scope of the war in which he has been so conspicuous and successful a soldier—that he comprehends neither the spirit nor the purpose nor the character of the "high officials" who have been now for four years by arms, and for thirty years by the most unscrupulous and appalling debauchery of the national mind and heart, seeking to destroy the Government of his country—this humiliating proposal to the conspirators is the final and painful proof. That the best of soldiers may be the worst of statesmen is easily credible; but it is lamentable to have the truth illustrated by a man of whom we were all so proud as we were of General Sherman.

THE TRUEST MOURNERS.

While the nation mourns, and cities are solemnly tapestried with the signs of sorrow, and the funeral train moves across the land amidst tolling bells and minute-guns and slow pealing dirges; while orators and societies and communities speak their grief in impassioned eloquence or in sober narrative of a life devoted in every heart-beat to the common welfare—there is one class of mourners little seen or rudely repulsed, yet whose grief for Abraham Lincoln is profounder and more universal than all.

To the unhappy race upon whose equal natural rights with ourselves this nation had so long trampled—upon our dusky brothers for whom God has so long asked of us in vain while we haughtily responded that we were not our brothers' keepers, the death that bereaves us all falls with an overwhelming and appalling force. The name of Abraham Lincoln meant to them freedom, justice, home, family, happiness. In his life they knew that they lived. In his perfect benignity and just purpose, inflexible as the laws of seed-time and harvest, they trusted with all their souls, whoever doubted. Their deliverer, their emancipator, their friend, their father, he was known to them as the impersonation of that liberty for which they had wept and watched, hoping against hope, praying in the very extremity of despair, and waiting with patience so sublime that fat prosperity beguiled us into the meanness of saying that their long endurance of oppression proved that God had created them to be oppressed.

The warm imagination of this people cherished Abraham Lincoln as more than mortal. He dies; and in his death slavery doubtless seems to them again possible. It is a sorrow beyond any words, beyond any comfort, except the slow conviction of time that the work he did for them was not his work; that he was but the minister of the nation; and that Abraham Lincoln emancipated them because the American people had declared they should be free. Yet none the less, as the terrible tale is whispered all over the region where for four years a black face has been the sure sign of a true heart, the nameless and inconceivable fear will paralyze that people. Of the operations of Government, of the tides and currents of public opinion, of the grateful sympathy of a nation, they can know little, but they knew that Abraham Lincoln was the name of the power that was lifting them from darkness into light, from death into life, from a hopeless past into a jubilant future, and the shock of our sorrow can not reveal to us, even in kind, the depth and reality of theirs.

And when the story of his life is told, it will be seen that it was one long act of unwearied service to these least of the little ones. He saw clearly from the beginning that the danger to his country lay out of sight—that it lay deep down in the condition of the most friendless of all classes. He saw that the national peril lay in the demoralization of the conscience of the country, wrought by a growing inhumanity and injustice. He saw and said that all prosperity was delusive which was founded upon immorality; and in a part of the country where the prejudice against the colored race was fiercest, where political disgrace seemed to await the man who persistently pleaded their cause, he never failed to declare in the face of the most subtle sophistry, of the coarsest and most injurious ribaldry, and of the most passionate denunciation, that slavery was, beneath all other considerations, a *moral* question; that it was a moral wrong; and that not until all the lights of truth and morality were extinguished could it cease to vex the country, and then cease only because it had ruined it.

He did not unite with "the abolitionists"—he did not even plead for political privileges for colored men—but he unswervingly proclaimed the right of all innocent men to personal liberty; and while he expressly disclaimed any intention of interfering with slavery in the States which tolerated it, he did not hesitate to say, with incisive and irresistible logic, that the Union could not endure half slave and half free. He hoped that slavery would disappear from the country. He knew that if it did not, liberty would; and he unfolded the details of the great conspiracy, of which the country showed that at last it was aware by electing him President. He believed, also, that the extinction of slavery would be accomplished by legal and peaceful methods. In that he was mistaken. This simple, homely, sagacious man, who declared that the Government could not endure half slave and half free, was called to be the minister of securing its permanence by making it wholly free, and the statesman whom slavery had never deceived, who had exposed its immorality, as the clear calm eye of the old philosopher exposed the serpent in the woman's form, died by a stealthy blow from its desperate, dying hand. His death justifies every word of his life. The shot of the assassin completed the absolute extirpation of the loathsome system which that of the rebels at Sumter four years before had begun.

We are all grateful to the good man whom we are burying, but if we had all been Carolina slaves what speechless woe, what eternal gratitude, would ours be! As time passes they will learn that their cause is also ours. They will see that slavery, not Lincoln, is dead. For the work in which he was but the minister of the people, the people will fulfill to the utmost with a sacred devotion.

RICHARD COBDEN.

The English Liberals bewail in the death of Richard Cobden one of the great Englishmen; even the London *Times* confesses that his eminence must remain unquestionable; and the Emperor Louis Napoleon orders his bust to be placed in the gallery at Versailles. Yet he held no office; he had refused to be made a baronet; but he was universally honored for the sincerity of his life and character, and for the devotion of noble powers to the welfare of his country.

Richard Cobden was what is called a self-made man, which means simply that he used his opportunities, and had the happy gift of knowing when and how to use them. In this he was like Mr. Lincoln. There are plenty of poor boys, sons of small farmers in England, like Richard Cobden, or of poor Western settlers in America, like Abraham Lincoln, who are thrown upon the world, and after a desperate struggle succeed in living respectable lives. But it is a peculiar energy, clearness, tenacity, and purity of purpose which enables them to become what Lincoln and Cobden were.

It is the good fortune of England at this time that she never had an abler group of liberal leaders. They are a distinct body from the Whig chiefs. In the days of Sir Francis Burdett the folly of the radical party defeated its best purposes. But the liberal leaders of to-day, such men as Richard Cobden, John Stuart Mill, John Bright, with their immediate allies, belittle both the Whig and Tory giants. They represent what is noblest, best, and most humane in English political thought and progress.

Mr. Cobden's signal and most illustrious service was his advocacy of free trade. In 1839 he led the movement for establishing the Anti-Corn Law League, and after a tremendous and incessant agitation, which exasperated the agricultural, as the anti-slavery agitation had exasperated the commercial, interest in England.

Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, yielded to the inevitable logic of the reformers, and brought in the bill repealing the duties upon imported corn, which was approved on the 26th of June, 1846. It was one of the greatest political triumphs in history. It reversed the traditional and cherished policy of a nation, and the result was achieved by solid argument. The grateful nation enriched Mr. Cobden as a recognition of his patriotic service. But his political independence was never disturbed. He never courted a majority. His constituents approved the war with Russia. He opposed it. England made war upon China. Mr. Cobden, with the majority in Parliament, voted to censure Lord Palmerston, and his constituents refused to re-elect him.

Like all the English liberals, Mr. Cobden has been one of our firmest and truest friends during the rebellion. He had been twice in this country and understood our politics. Still better, he understood the eternal law that prevents injustice in an enlightened people from being permanently profitable; and although not of a sanguine temperament, and knowing the condition of the country and the spirit of the rebellion, he was conscious of the terrible task before us, yet he sincerely believed it would be accomplished.

Cobden did not live to hear of the fall of Richmond, nor of the surrender of Lee, nor of the final sealing of the coast by the occupation of Mobile. But he did live to see the insurrection of a system which, as a political economist, he knew to be disastrous to any nation, tottering and falling; and the great principle of equal justice before the laws, which, as a statesman, he knew to be the only sure foundation of states, ascending to its complete victory. Happily for him he died before he heard that the wise and patient and practical statesman, who was the characteristic product of institutions which Cobden trusted with all his heart, had suddenly rested from his labors amidst the tears of a nation. The two men lived for the same great purpose. The true interests of the people of England and of America have lost two of their noblest friends in Abraham Lincoln and Richard Cobden.

THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL IN NEW YORK.

All the beautiful day on Tuesday, when the dearly beloved President was borne through the great city, it was impossible not to feel that, however impassioned and tender all the orators might be, no oration could be so eloquent as the spectacle of the vast population, hushed and bareheaded, under the bright spring sky, gazing upon his coffin. It was one of the most imposing and touching pageants ever seen. From windows and house-tops and balconies, from trees and posts and door-steps, the multitude looked silently on, themselves a striking part of the scene they admired. The broad street was clear, and on both the walks the crowd was solid. The pressure at times was frightful, but the throng was mainly good-humored; and when the funeral car approached the reverent silence was profoundly impressive. Nothing was heard as it passed but the regular footfall of the troops, the dull roll of the muffled drums, and the occasional tolling of a bell far away. The sober aspect of the people all the day, the wailing peals of minor music from the hundred bands, the houses draped with mourning, the innumerable flags bound with black and hanging at half-mast, the profuse and accumulated signs of a true sorrow, have made the day forever memorable to all who looked on.

As the solemn and stately car went by, holding proudly up, under the canopy and among the flowers, the silver-fringed coffin of the martyr, his own words over the dead at Gettysburg were the most fitting: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." For his great work here was the noble use of qualities without which no public man can be sincerely lamented nor any state safe. Abraham Lincoln triumphed by his honesty, by his fidelity, by his magnanimity, by his prudence, by his moderation. His greatness was his eminence in the characteristics which our public men have most wanted. He was called slow and doubtful, a man needing to be pushed and pulled, while his steadfastness was sublime. He moved toward his purpose as surely as the year unfolds from spring into summer. There are chilly days, and clouds, and showers, and sometimes frosts, but the blossom is steadily opening into the flower, and the flower ripening into the fruit, and ever the air is softer and kinder. It was so with him, and so the popular trust in him grew. No man imagined what a hold he had upon the national heart until the election. The revelation was startling. It was an involuntary tribute to character without parallel. And how much closer even than then the bond that bound him to the people this truly grieving country shows.

The oration in Union Square by Mr. Bancroft was noble. Its lofty tone, its masterly comprehensiveness, its sincere eloquence, and the nervous purity of its style, distinguish it among all the fine addresses which the melancholy event has inspired. It seems to us that Mr. Bancroft has never surpassed this brief, heroic, and dignified discourse. New York could have chosen no fitter orator to bid the great, good President hail and farewell.

Across the land then, home to the prairies, which will greet his coming with all their flowery splendor, passes our chief and best. Along the way he came four years ago, to do a work harder than Washington's—he returns, and the work is done. As he left his home he asked his neighbors, who knew and loved him, to pray for him in his strange and unknown task. Home he comes again, and with prayers and tears and stricken hearts they receive him, whom we all know and love now. Home he comes again, dead, but living forever. And we who through the clouds of our present sorrow behold the serene triumph of his life, stronger by his strength, wiser by his wisdom, more faithful by his fidelity, more magnanimous by his marvelous magnanimity, turn again to serve his honored memory by continuing his work in his own spirit.

NAPOLEON'S JULIUS CÆSAR.

The first volume of Louis Napoleon's "History of Julius Cæsar" is now published in handsome library form and also in a convenient popular edition by the Harpers. This volume ends with Cæsar's election as Consul and the exile of Cicero.

Louis Napoleon is too conspicuous a man to be an unknown author. Even if his work were very poor it would be universally read. But written as it is with ample preparation, and to maintain a proposition which his life is endeavoring to enforce, it has a remarkable interest. When in the nineteenth century of Christianity an emperor elaborately defines and defends the imperialism of the last age of Paganism as a final and necessary law of human society, every thoughtful man will wish to know what he has to say. Besides, a man who passes from the ridiculous melodrama of Boulogne and Strasbourg to the terrible realities of the *coup d'etat*, and leaps from lodgings in Leicester Square to the Tuileries, shows at least, that he has power of some kind, and if he professes also to have principles, it is certainly worth while to know what they are.

The work is very carefully written. It opens with a rapid survey of Roman history before the birth of Cæsar, that the stage may be properly set for the entrance of the principal figure. The reflections are sometimes excellent, sometimes utterly commonplace and amusing. The danger to any state of an inflexible conservatism which would hold the Past unchanged is very well and pointedly set forth. Indeed the author's implication, if not his argument, is, that Cato, Cicero, Hortensius, and their friends, by refusing to bend, forced Cæsar to break. If the conservatives had yielded to the necessity of reform to save the state, Cæsar would not have been compelled to overthrow it. This, also, is Niebuhr's view. But it is the old dispute.

Of course Louis Napoleon rejects the theory of personal motives in Cæsar. He was simply the purest patriot, the noblest Roman of them all. Yet the author's admiration of his hero hardly surpasses that of Merivale—a most conscientious and painstaking historian, who uses less color in his portraits than any recent writer of history. The Frenchman's view, however, contrasts strangely with that of the thorough Englishman, Dr. Arnold, to whom Julius Cæsar was only a robber and murderer upon a great scale. Merivale calls Cæsar "the greatest name in history." Arnold says: "Never did any man occasion so large an amount of misery with so little provocation." Niebuhr says: "Had he lived in a republican age he would never have thought of setting himself above the law; but he belonged to a period when he had no choice between being either the anvil or the hammer." Louis Napoleon says: "When Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow; to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; and to accomplish in a few years the labor of many centuries."

But when Providence raises up men like Oliver Cromwell what does it "trace out?" When Martin Luther comes what are "peoples" to do? If they are to follow the man who is strong enough to upset a Bourbon, what are they to do with one who should be able to upset a Bonaparte? These are questions which are not answered in this handsome volume.

IN STATE.

Beneath the vast and vaulted dome
That copes the Capitol, he lies;
It is a dreary, dreary night;
  The stars in their eternal home
  Seem like the sad ethereal eyes
  Of seraphs, filled with tender light.

The Capitol is wrapped in mist;
Strangely the shadows come and go—
The dome seems floating into air,
  Upborne by unseen hands, I wist—
  In solemn state he lies below,
  His pure hands folded as in prayer.

He lies in solemn state, alone—
Alone with only silence there—
Alone with lofty lamps that rim
  Almost the very coping stone;
  Yet not alone, for all the air
  Is filled with tender thoughts of him.

And all night long the marble floors
Have echoed to the gentle tread
Of blessed and immortal feet;
  And through the open corridors
  The mighty and illustrious dead
  Have thronged all night his face to greet.

And they have bent, full-browed with pain,
And gazed through their celestial tears
Upon the face so dear to them—
  Upon the man whose heart was fain
  Above all hearts these latter years
  To be like his of Bethlehem.

And so our heads are bowed with grief
Because we loved him, and because
But yesterday, this great man stood
  Of many states the perfect chief,
  Dispensing justice and the laws,
  And mindful of the public good.

Alas! it is a dreary night;
For he we loved so much now lies
Beneath the vast and vaulted dome;
  And in his eyes there is no light—
  No light is in those loving eyes
  Which kindliness had made her home.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The public ought to know that the *Catafalque* upon which the President's body lay in state at the City Hall was erected by Mr. J. W. A. Strickland, at the expense of Mr. A. T. Stewart.

The *Funeral Car* was built by Mr. Charles Mettam; Mr. P. Relyea was undertaker-in-chief.

We are ourselves indebted to Aldermen Ottiwell and Ryers for courtesies to our artists upon this melancholy occasion.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

Our new President, Andrew Johnson, has given a most explicit declaration of his policy in his speech to the Indiana delegation. It does not differ essentially from the policy which President Lincoln favored. Responsible traitors are to be punished, while the utmost leniency is to be exercised toward the masses of the Southern people. The character of States is to be preserved, while at the same time it is to be impossible for any State to hold slaves. Mr. Johnson declares himself opposed to consolidation, or to any undue centralization of power. President Johnson's theory as to what constitutes a State is precisely that of his predecessor. There has been no dissolution, but simply a suspension of normal life—a temporary paralysis. In the restoration of legitimate authority it must, of course, be the friends of the country, not its enemies, that shall control. The State is to be nursed in its weakness by loyal friends, not smothered by traitors.

There is no longer an organized rebellion in the United States. Even Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi, is reported to have given up the cause. The rebel President is said to have escaped to Texas.

On the 18th of February an agreement for a suspension of hostilities and a memorandum of what is called a basis of peace was entered into between Generals Sherman and Johnston. The place of this negotiation was Chapel Hill, a few miles from Raleigh. According to the memorandum agreed upon the Confederate armies now in existence were to be disbanded, and being conducted to their several State capitals, were there to deposit their arms in the State arsenal, and to file an agreement to cease from acts of war, and abide the action of both State and Federal authorities. The Executive of the United States should recognize the existence of several State Governments on their officers and Legislatures taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States. The citizens of all States were to be guaranteed their political rights and franchise. These were the main features of this remarkable document.

General Sherman's proceeding in the matter was not approved by the Government, because it was an exercise of authority not vested in General Sherman, was a practical acknowledgment of the rebel Government, and undertook to re-establish rebel State Governments.

General Sherman was ordered to resume hostilities immediately, and was directed that the instructions given by the late President in the following telegram, which was penned by Mr. Lincoln himself, at the Capitol, on the night of the 3d of March, were approved by President Andrew Johnson, and were reiterated to govern the action of military commanders.

On the night of the 3d of March, while President Lincoln and his Cabinet were at the Capitol, a telegram from General Grant was brought to the Secretary of War, informing him that General Lee had requested an interview or conference to make an arragement for terms of peace.

The letter of General Lee was published in a letter of Davis to the rebel Congress.

General Grant's telegram was submitted to Mr. Lincoln, who, after pondering a few minutes, took up his pen and wrote with his own hand the following reply, which he submitted to the Secretary of State and Secretary of War. It was then dated, addressed, and signed by the Secretary of War, and telegraphed to General Grant:

"Washington, *March* 3, 1865—
"12 P.M.

"*Lieutenant General Grant:*

"The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for the capitulation of General Lee's army, or on some minor and purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meantime you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.

"Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War."

General Grant arrived at Raleigh on the 24th of April.

THE CAPTURE OF MACON.

A dispatch from General Sherman states that "Wilson held Macon on the 20th, with Howell Cobb, G. W. Smith, and others, as prisoners, but they claimed the benefit of the armistice, and he has telegraphed to me through the rebel lines for orders. I have answered him that he may draw out of Macon and hold his command for further orders, unless he has reason to believe the rebels are changing the *status* to our prejudice."

THE CAPTURE OF MOBILE.

The campaign which was laid out a few weeks ago for the complete suppression of the rebellion in the Western States east of the Mississippi has been successfully accomplished. After Hood's defeat before Nashville General Thomas indicated to the War Department that he would not, on account of the state of the roads and for other reasons, be able to enter immediately upon another campaign. But he offered to co-operate with General Canby by sending to the latter one half of his infantry force and almost all his cavalry—the former under the command of General A. J. Smith, the latter under General Wilson. Smith's corps left Eastport, Mississippi, and arrived at New Orleans on the 22d of February. In camp seven miles north of New Orleans until March 13, the command was reorganized and Wilson's movements awaited. General Granger's army was then at Mobile Point, near Fort Morgan, and General Steele's at Pensacola. All these bodies were in readiness to move by March 20.

General Canby had some important information concerning Spanish Fort from Mr. Madder, who built the fort, and who came into our lines about the 1st of March. Smith and Granger joined on the 21st at Darley's Mill, on Fish River—the former moving by water, the latter by land. Steele was coming up from Pensacola, and Wilson, with his cavalry, was moving from Eastport. On the 26th Granger appeared before Spanish Fort, and Smith moved up to within four miles of Fort Blakely. The next day a good portion of the latter's command was withdrawn to operate against Spanish Fort with Granger. One division was left to threaten Blakely until Steele should arrive.

Spanish Fort was then completely invested by land. The bombardment commenced forthwith and was kept up until the 9th. Every day new guns were mounted until sixteen mortars, twenty siege guns, and six field batteries were brought to bear on the fort and the adjacent work—Fort Alexis. The enemy's gun-boats and two forts in the bay participated in the defense of Spanish Fort.

The fleet of monitors in the bay with great difficulty got within shelling distance of the fort. On the 28th the *Milwaukee* was sunk by a torpedo; and the next day the *Osage* shared a similar fate. The fleet, however, was not able to effect much in the attack.

On the 26th of March Canby issued to his army the last of the rations provided. In this exigency General Bailey—the same who built the dam for the escape of Porter's fleet on Red River—succeeded in forming wharves and landing supplies from the bay. The *Times* correspondent says that if General Bailey had kept a diary a glance at its pages would show "that during one week's time he had four fights, a hundred wrangles, slapped the faces of three steamboat Captains, and nearly killed with hard work some three hundred members of the Ninety-seventh colored."

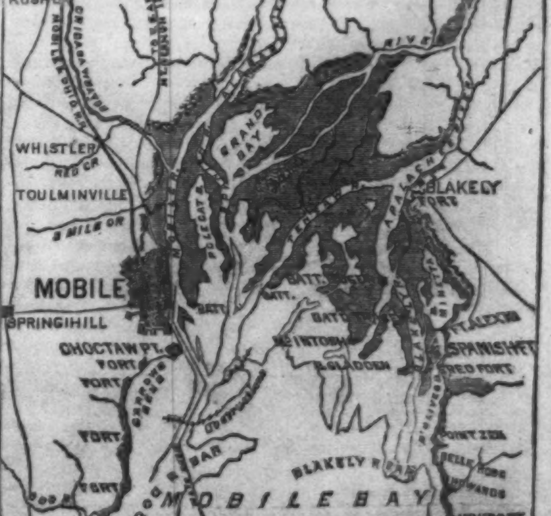
Steele's command arrived on the 2d of April, having cut the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad, near Pollard, capturing a train of cars bound to Mobile, and fighting and killing the rebel General Clanton, inflicting a loss of 200 men besides capturing 300. Steele united with Garrard's division against Fort Blakely, which was now fully invested by land with the exception of a gap through which runs the Bayou Minnetta. Up to this time our loss had been about 750.

On the 8th eight heavy Parrott guns were brought to bear on the rebel gun-boats, and under cover of a cannonade from one hundred pieces of artillery an assault was made on Spanish Fort at sunset. Geddis's brigade, consisting of the Eighth Iowa, the Eighty-first, One Hundred and Eighth, and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Illinois, bore the brunt of the assault, and succeeded just after dark in getting inside of a portion of the enemy's works on the left. Here a fight ensued, and 300 of the enemy were captured. The assault was not made all along the line as it should have been, and thus it happened that Geddis was driven out of the portion of the works which he had gained. That night the enemy evacuated Spanish Fort, and escaped in boats across the bay to Mobile.

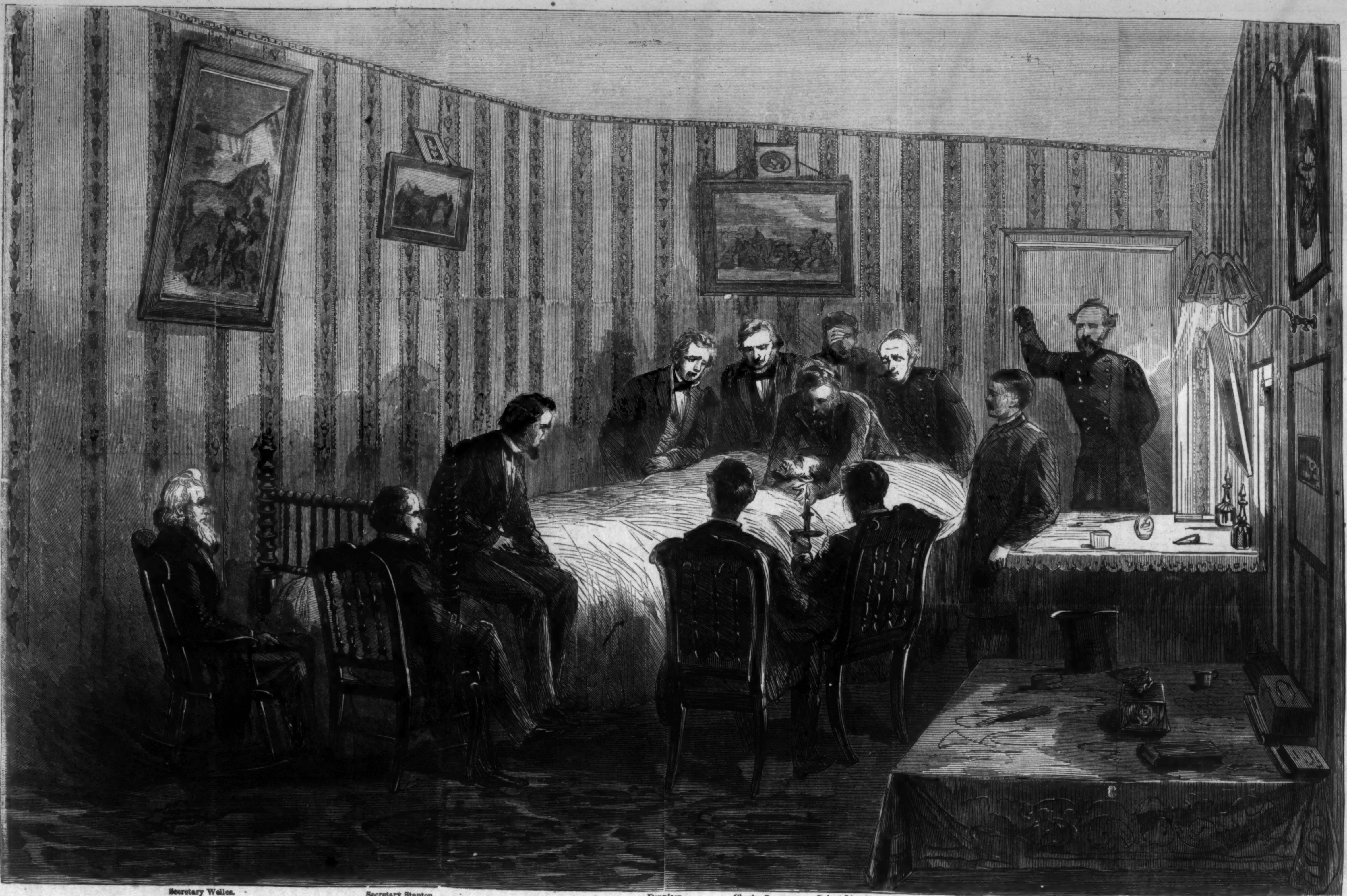
But Fort Blakely still remained. Blakely is a small town above the mouth of Blakely River, about four and one half miles north of Spanish Fort, and twelve miles from Mobile. The works at this point ran north and south, and were under the command of the rebel General Lyddell. On the 9th these works were carried by assault. It was a most gallant affair. Garrard's division, with its commander at its head, passed abatis and ditches after terrible entanglements—entanglements fatal to how many!—gained the inside of the fort, and captured over 1000 men with their commander, the rebel General Thomas. Then Andrews's and Veatch's divisions charged over torpedoes and through a storm of bullets, and by seven o'clock the fort was ours with 3300 prisoners—including Generals Lyddell, Thomas, Cockerill—32 pieces of artillery, 4000 stand of small-arms, 16 battle-flags, and a vast amount of ammunition. Our loss here was about 1000.

The next day the enemy's gun-boats with transports escaped up the Alabama River. On the night of the 10th the rebels began to evacuate Mobile, which was occupied by our forces on the 13th. The guns captured amounted to 150; 1200 prisoners were taken in the city. This made our whole number of prisoners about 6000. Dabney H. Maury escaped up the river with 9000 men.

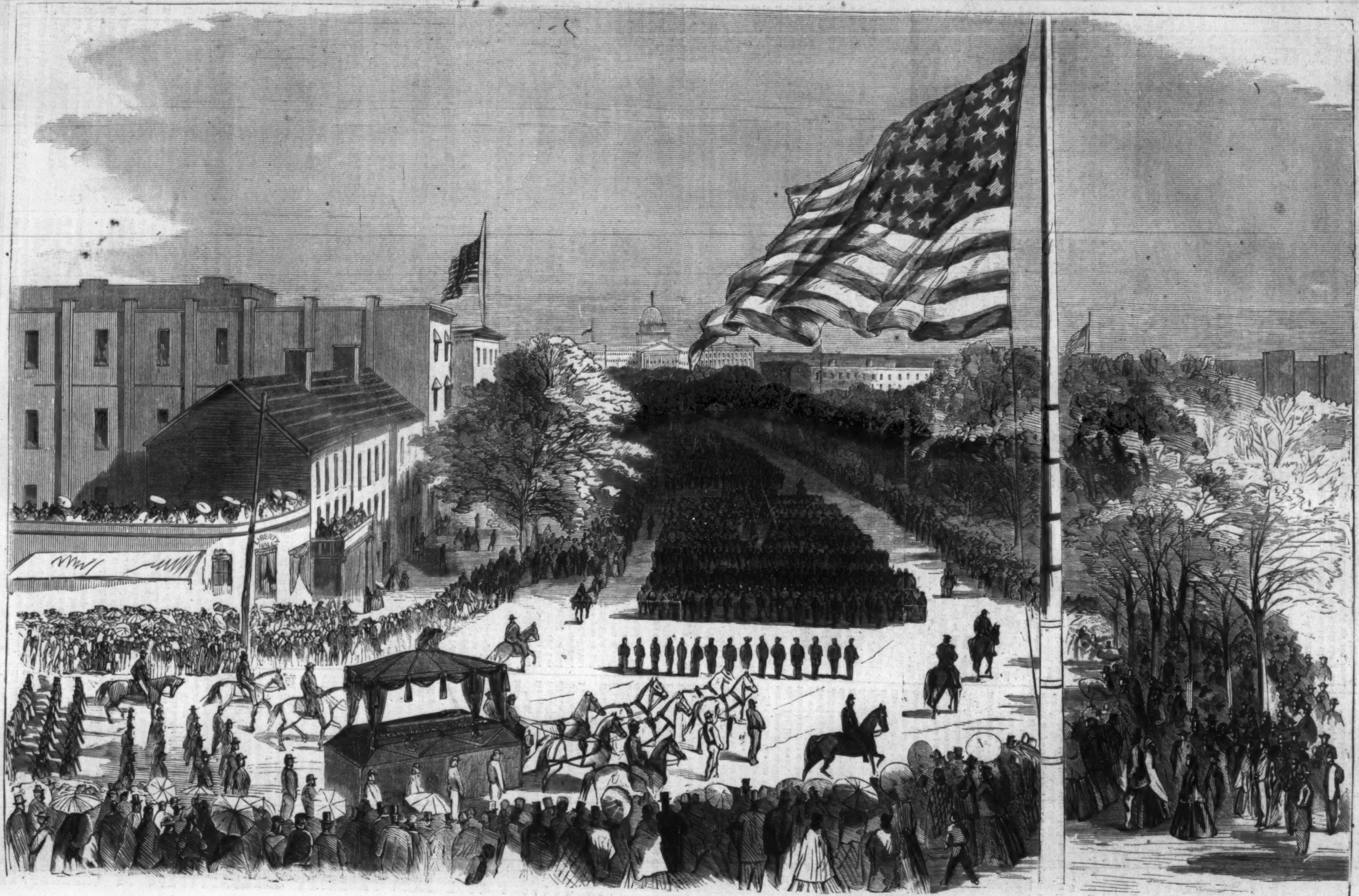
Our entire loss in the campaign is about 2000; that of the enemy 1500, besides prisoners. Seventeen forts were taken, over 200 guns, and a vast amount of cotton.



MAP OF MOBILE AND MOBILE BAY.


Secretary Welles.
Secretary Stanton.
Dennison,
Charles Sumner.
Robert Lincoln.
Surgeon-General Barnes.
Gen. Halleck.
Hay.
General Meigs.

SCENE AT THE DEATH-BED OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL PROCESSION IN WASHINGTON CITY.—[See Page 278.]

GATHERING HEART'S-EASE.

I WENT to gather heart's-ease
When the bright sun sank to rest,
Drawing all his sheaves of sunlight
To his garner in the west.
When the blossoms and the leaves,
Losing all their golden glow,
In the slowly gathering twilight,
Faintly flutter'd to and fro.

All the ground was starred with May-blooms,
Every where they met my eye;
But I went to gather heart's-ease,
So I pass'd all others by.
Oh! my heart was ne'er so joyous
As it was in those glad hours
When I wandered light and careless
Near the wood-side gath'ring flowers.

Then I gave them all to you, dear,
And I looked up in your face,
And I wonder'd I could fancy
That the flowers had any grace.
Then it was I gather'd heart's-ease,
Then it was, dear heart, I found
That the glory of the May-blooms
Did not lie upon the ground.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.

NEVER was King or Emperor honored with such obsequies as those with which our Republic has laid to rest its greatest hero. It was not the pomp of the procession, not the splendor of the funereal rites, that gave character to the touching ceremony, but the infinite tenderness and love of a great people. It was the sorrow in every heart that moved each outward expression of affection. It was the universal grief so heavily draped our streets. Not only the mansions of the rich, but the squalid hovels of the poor put on the habit of mourning. The reward which the Republic gives to its faithful servants is not alone that the people have raised them to the seat of honor, but that when they fall in their country's cause their principal monument is the people's love.

The funeral ceremony proper took place at Washington on the 19th of April, at the White House. The remains of the President lay in the Green Room, in a metallic coffin. On each side of the coffin were four silver handles, with stars between, a vein of silver winding around the whole case in a serpentine form. This rested upon a canopied catafalque, and was decorated with wreaths of moss and evergreen, with white flowers and lilies intermingled. Around the catafalque, at noon, were gathered the family of the President, the officiating clergymen, the delegates from New York City, the heads of Bureaus, representatives of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, the Governors of several States, the Assistant Secretaries, a large number of Congressmen, officers of the Supreme Court, and the Diplomatic Corps.

Reverend Dr. HALL opened the services by reading from the Episcopal service of the Dead. This was followed by an eloquent and affecting prayer by Bishop SIMPSON of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This portion of the service was most touching. At the close of his fervent appeal to the throne of Grace the Bishop repeated the Lord's Prayer, in which the whole audience joined as with one voice. The effect was sublime beyond any power of words to express, and the whole audience was melted to tears under its effect. Reverend Dr. GURLEY, the pastor of the church which the President and his family were in the habit of attending, preached the funeral discourse. The service was closed with prayer by Reverend Dr. GRAY, chaplain of the Senate.

The procession started from the White House at 2 P.M. and proceeded up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol amidst the tolling of bells and the firing of minute-guns. The funeral car was carried up the steps of the Capitol, beneath the very spot where, six weeks before, the President had delivered his second Inaugural, and into the Rotunda, where the body was removed from the car to another catafalque, where a second service was read. Here the procession dispersed, leaving the remains of the President in the Rotunda, where they were open to view the next day.

A little before seven o'clock on the morning of the 21st the remains were escorted to the dépôt of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Lieutenant-General GRANT followed immediately after the hearse. At ten o'clock the train arrived at Baltimore, and the coffin was laid in the Exchange for three or four hours, when the train started for Harrisburg, where it arrived in the evening. The next morning (the 22d) the *cortége* proceeded to Philadelphia, where the body was laid in Independence Hall and exposed to the view of thousands.

On the 24th New York city received the remains of the President. The scene upon the route from the ferry-landing at the foot of Desbrosses Street, and at the City Hall, where the body was laid in state, was inexpressibly solemn and impressive. Early in the morning crowds of people gathered in the City Hall Park, and waited there for hours in order to obtain a view of the features of their departed hero. This scene was only exceeded in solemnity by the procession of the following day—the largest that ever thronged the streets of the great metropolis. It started at one o'clock P.M., proceeding up Broadway to Fourteenth Street, through Fourteenth Street to Fifth Avenue, and thence through Thirty-fourth Street to the Hudson River Railroad Dépôt on the way to Springfield, Illinois, where the President is to be buried.

Among the many tributes to President LINCOLN one of the best was that paid by HENRY WARD BEECHER in a discourse delivered on the 23d. The following extract we quote as appropriate to the funeral ceremony:

"And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon speaks the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is WASHINGTON dead? Is HAMPDEN dead? Is DAVID dead? Is any man that was ever fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is now grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful, as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people, are his pæans; your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ears. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on! Four years ago, oh Illinois, we took from thy midst an untried man, and from among the people; we return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nations; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West chant his requiem! Ye people, behold the martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!"

DARK WHITE.

"I DONE her up, beautiful as she looks; and *ain't* she a real lady too, Mrs. Murphy? *I* done her all up!" So whispered old Dark White to her neighbor, as, setting down her basket of clothes, piled high like so much new-fallen snow in a great white drift, she stood, arms a-kimbo, on the stoop of the many-storied tenement-house where she dwelt, and gazed after a carriage rolling away through the rosy mist of a soft spring sunset.

Her black hood had fallen back, showing a face of fifty-five or sixty, tanned by sun and wind, and with some gray hairs in the locks about the forehead, but comely enough still to show what a pretty woman she might have been ere toil and time had laid their hands upon her. And as long as the carriage was in sight she stood perfectly motionless, her arms a-kimbo, her black eyes glittering, drinking in the picture with an ecstasy not to be accounted for, gorgeous as was the equipage and lovely as was the lady who reclined upon the scarlet cushions. When it was quite gone she picked up the basket, and mounted to the attic where she dwelt with a step which as yet had nothing in it of age or decrepitude. Mrs. Murphy looked after her with a grin. "Old Dark is clane crazy about Miss Hamilton," she said to herself or some invisible familiar. "I'd not break me heart an' wear me life out for any lady's white dresses. She'll have a stroke some day sitting in the sun kapin' the very flies off thim whilst they dhry. Och, the fulich crayther! An' she ridin' past without a look or a nod. Done her up! Much she cares for that, Dark White!"

But whether the lady cared or no, poor Dark, up in her garret-room, was busy for her still at her laundress craft—not for love of pelf. That grew strong when other people's clothes were in the tub or on the board; but with pure pleasure in her work—as the poet writes his tenderest sonnet for his lady's ear—as the musician's song is sweetest beneath his Dulcinea's balcony—so did Dark White "do up" Miss Hamilton's white robes and dainty frills and sleeves to a more perfect pitch of snowy purity than those of any other customer. It was her way of showing adoration. Now, with her charcoal at a ruddy glow, she set to work ironing, polishing the muslin with a dainty touch, folding and crimping and fluting with artistic care.

"There ain't a lady in the land done up nicer," she muttered, indulging in her inveterate habit of talking to herself. "And there ain't a lady more a lady. I seen the gentlemen look after her, and the ladies whisper. Oh, she's as pretty as a picture, jest as pretty!"

If Dark White loved beauty it seemed a pity she should not have more of it about her. Her garret home was high and bleak. The paint, such as it had been, worn away from the dormer window casings. Without that window glimpses of chimney-pots, and an occasional cat or two, and the skylight on somebody's roof. Within, four walls, or rather three and a half, for the ceiling sloped low on one side, leaving barely two feet between its termination and the floor; two strips of rag-carpet, a black bureau, on which reposed an old Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was recorded the birth of Dorcas White—Dorcas being the original name of the washer-woman, though custom had converted it into "Dark"—and four chairs. Add to these a clock, two candlesticks, and something in a frame which casual observers always took at first sight to be a bronze jug, but which proved on inquiry to be a paper profile of the late Mr. White, cordwainer, and you have the entire contents of the apartment, which, in addition to being attained by the most break-neck flight of stairs ever manufactured, was miserably hard to warm in winter. Yet Dark had lived there ten long years, for two reasons: firstly, there was in the back-yard what the laundress called "a good drying;" and, secondly, it was only a few blocks distant from the aristocratic region where the Hamiltons' mansion reared its marble walls. To be near that, to see the heiress at times roll past in her carriage, to go softly out after night and hear the floods of music and see the gleams of light from the windows, and now and then when it was warm to distinguish through those open casements the voice of Charlotte Hamilton, were pleasures the old woman would have relinquished much for. If ever humble heart shrined an idol the heart of old Dark White so enshrined the beautiful heiress. It had been so since the latter was a child. Twice a week for eighteen long years Dark had opened the servants' door of the great house with a familiar hand, and with her basket of linen poised on one hip toiled slowly up the velvet-covered stairs and tapped at a door. Then waiting and listening she would hear the cry, "Come in, Dark!" and a glow would pass over her face as though lamplight had fallen on it for an instant.

At first the voice that cried, "Come in, Dark!" was the voice of a young child just able to talk. Then it was a girl's voice. Now it was a woman's, musical and mellow. Always it was just as sweet to poor Dark's ear. To-night as the clock struck ten the white drift was polished and the basket brimful. And Dark looked out of her window.

"It's fine," she said, "and I'll take 'em over now. I'd like to see her afore I sleep. It makes me feel good."

And tying on her hood she took up her burden and departed. Down the clean but shabby street, along a better one, and then suddenly into the magnificent avenue where the stone-walls and the porch columns were half draped by clinging festoons of vines and bunches of purple blossoms. The Hamiltons' house was the handsomest of all. And as Dark crept in at the servants' door she wondered, as she always did, at the quiet splendor. She was half afraid to set her foot on the rich coverings of hall and stairs, they were so different from the bare planks, or the bits of rag-carpet she was used to. But they must be trodden to reach Miss Hamilton's room, so she went on and up, and tapped upon the panels of the boudoir with her soaked and spongy knuckles. There was no answer. Dark listened and sighed. "She ain't here," she said. "She's jest gone somewhere; well, I'll leave the things and go, only 'twould ha' been good to see her." And opening the door she entered. As she did so a young lady turned with a start from the mantle against which she leaned with a letter clutched in her hand and something very like tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Dark, I didn't hear you!" she said, hurriedly; "you've brought the things home?"

"Yes, Miss Lotty," said old Dark, "and I've done 'em up lovely, though I say it that shouldn't. See how white and sheer them sleeves is! and this gown. I have such luck with *your* things always—more'n with most folks."

"You take pains with them, Dark—that's the reason," said the young lady. And then she looked ardently into the distance, and tears came into her great eyes. She was thinking of something beside the linen in that basket. The old woman watched her intently; her fingers knitted themselves together; her eyes grew anxious. At last she spoke, "Miss Lotty—"

The young lady looked up with a start—"Well, Dark."

"Oh, Miss Lotty, I'm a makin' bold; but you haven't any ma, and I've done you up for the hull of your life; and, poor washer-woman as I am, I'm fond o' you. And when you was a child me and you was friends, and you told me your troubles. I've mended dolls for you, and I've washed their things, and I've seen the time when you've put your arm round my neck and said, 'Dear Dark!'—I have; and I can't help, Miss Lotty, when there's tears in your eyes, and you're so pale, askin' you to tell old Dark what ails you, and beggin' to be let to do something if I can."

A flush passed over the girl's face, and then the tears burst forth unchecked, and she sobbed outright for a moment.

"I am in some grief, Dark," she said. "At least I fancy I am; but it's all nonsense, I dare say. No real trouble—nothing you could understand. I'm neither ill, nor has papa scolded me. I think Dr. Jalap would call me hysterical; but thank you—you're a good soul, Dark." These words were not spoken before she had choked down her sobs and dried her eyes, and now she stood tall and straight before old Dark and tried to smile. It was a vain effort. Dark knew it. "*Ain't* there nothin' I can do?" she said.

"No, Dark. As I told you, it is nothing you could even understand."

Old Dark turned to go. She gave one step toward the door, and then turned back, caught the little snow-white hand with rose-tinted finger-tips, and pressed it to her lips. "Good-night, Miss Lotty," she said, "and God stand between you and grief. Good-night!" Then with her empty basket she went home, and there, by the dim candlelight, stood before that odd paper profile, which looked to strangers like a bronze jug, the profile of the late Silas White, shoemaker, and gazed at it intently. "Ah!" she said, "mebbe Dark White might understand more than some thinks she can. A girl's heart is much the same rich or poor. Ah dear, how the time goes! I was young once, though I never was a lady!" And then she put her candle out, and went to bed.

But Charlotte Hamilton never slept at all. Up and down the splendid boudoir she paced all night long with that letter in her hand; her black hair unbound; her bosom heaving beneath the folds of lace and muslin which veiled it. Over and over again she sobbed forth a name and clenched her jeweled fingers until the almond-shaped nails cut into the soft palm. And once she sobbed aloud,

"Charley, I can not, can not give you up!"

When the gay dawn broke she sat down beside her rosewood desk to write. Thrice she begun—thrice rent the paper into fragments and laid down her pen.

At last these words remained upon a snowy sheet which she folded and placed within an envelope directed to "Charles Gordon:"

> "If you think I write these words without pain you are mistaken. If you think my heart is changed you err; but my father's will is law—I must obey him. Yes, *must* Charles; I have no choice. Yet in that cruel, cruel letter which you have received I have no part. If he has said to you, as I know he has, that a Miss Hamilton has no right to stoop, that you are beneath me, believe that I would have felt honored by your love. If he has told you also that I will soon become the wife of another man, he has presumed too far upon his powers, and upon my love and obedience. I will neither wed against his will the man I love, nor at his bidding one whom I detest. Farewell, Charles, it is hard to bid you forget me; but for both of us to remember will be too sharp a pain, and so I write the words—forgot me and be happy.
>
> "CHARLOTTE HAMILTON."

The letter was sent; and that night, when the long rows of lamps glittered like jewels along the stately avenue, Dark White crept up the broad staircase once again, and stood in Miss Hamilton's room.

She was dressing for a ball, and the white robes she wore by choice rather than silks or velvets, and the pearls in her black hair and about her rounded wrists and at her throat, made her look like a bride. Dark told her so; and at that she laughed a little bitterly. "And when you are married," said Dark (if it's in the grandest church in New York), "I'll come to see it; and I'll think, standing there, I done her up, and as long as I've got two hands I'll keep a doin' of her up, if she'll but let me. But I didn't come for that Miss Lotty. I've a message—"

"A message, Dark—from whom?"

She had turned from the glass, and stood with her hands full of the long ropes of pearls she was binding in her hair.

"From a gentleman in sailor's clothes, Miss Lotty—a tall gentleman with light hair—not like a sailor in his looks at all. No doubt I don't understand it. There's a many things a poor old body like me needn't understand. But he asked me did I know Miss Hamilton. Says I, 'I do, Sir. I've done her up since she was a baby, Sir.' Says he, 'I have a letter for her that must go safe. Can you give it to her without any one else knowing of it?' Says I, 'Ay, can I, Sir.' So he gave me this,"—and from under her shawl she drew a tiny note—"and then he went away. He was a handsome man Miss, and young and brave and good, I'm sure, and very sad, Miss, like as if his heart was broke a'most."

Charlotte Hamilton caught the note from the wrinkled fingers of the washer-woman, and, as she did so, dropped the ropes of pearls upon the floor. Her foot would have crushed them as she pressed forward to the light, but that Dark stooped and picked them up.

She read the lines again and again, and then crouched down lower and lower, and hid her face in the cushion of her foot-stool.

Old Dark, in her patched calico and black hood, bent over her. "Miss Lotty! oh, Miss Lotty, dear! Dark thinks she understands. A heart's a heart, rich or poor, Miss Lotty; and he's one to have heart's love given him."

Then Charlotte Hamilton lifted her tear-stained face and looked at Dark.

"Did you ever wish to be rich, to live in a house like this, to be of a high family?—did you ever envy great folks, Dark?" she said.

"The Lord forgive me! many and many's the time, Miss Lotty."

"Oh, Dark, never do it again! I wish I were the poorest girl alive! I wish I were your daughter, helping you over the tubs day after day; for all this wealth, and style, and grand family-name have stood between my life and happiness. Because I am Miss Hamilton I must be wretched!"

And then, without any apparent reason, Dark White began to tremble from head to foot, and to wring her hands and moan, and panted out, breathlessly, "Oh! Miss Lotty, dear, don't say that, or else you'll break my heart. It's a dreadful thing to be poor. It is, indeed, Miss Lotty."

She was so troubled, so woeful, that Charlotte Hamilton stilled her own grief to soothe her. Two hours afterward the heiress was moving through the dance in her white robes and glistening pearls, and no one guessed that she was miserable—not even the wealthy lover on whose shoulder her white hand rested in the mazes of the waltz. But Dark, with no eye upon her save that of God and his holy angels, sobbed softly by her attic window, and bemoaned her darling's sorrow.

So Charles Gordon was far upon the sea, with every prospect sacrificed, and no thought but to fling his life away. And Miss Hamilton moved through society as decorously as ever; and dressed as well, and smiled as much, and sang as often. Yet the girl's heart was the sorest, as it always is. And Dark White the washer-woman only knew that it was so—not Mr. Hamilton; not Percy Miles, of the everlasting smile and the eternal fashion-plated costume, who came a wooing under the father's favor; not Argus-eyed society, ever on the look-out for gossip. But at last there came a time when the calm was broken. Percy Miles made an offer of his hand and heart, and was refused. That day Mr. Hamilton called Charlotte to his study.

He was pale and stern. He laid the letter she had written on the table, and said,

"Charlotte, I have not sent this yet; I will not. Think again."

"I have thought," she said. "I will never marry him."

"Not if I command you to do so?"

"You will not, Sir, for I could not obey you. At your command"—and here her voice faltered—"I refused the man I loved. I will live and die single at your bidding, but I can marry no one else."

Then Mr. Hamilton, rising, took her hand in his. All her life long she never forgot his look or his voice.

"Charlotte," he said, "I owe you a duty. I beg you to marry this gentleman—not for my sake—for your own. Listen to me. I am on the eve of bankruptcy. I can not ward it off for many weeks. Marry Percy Miles, and a luxurious home will be yours for life, and I shall be at peace. I would not have thwarted your girlish fancy but for this knowledge. Be sensible now, and write a different answer."

For a moment Charlotte stood stunned and bewildered; then she put her arms about her father's neck.

"Papa," she said, "I will stay with you, share your poverty, work for you if I can, but never marry Percy Miles, not though he were a king."

The old man only untwined her arms from his neck.

"I have warned you," he said. "Oh, girl, girl, you little know how low Percy Miles stoops when he offers you his hand!"

"Poverty can not lower John Hamilton's daughter," said Charlotte, proudly. "You have taught me that, papa."

"John Hamilton's daughter!" he repeated, with a sort of sneer. "Ah, well, I have done my duty. I have warned you. Do as you please."

And standing beside her, he watched her re-seal the note, and saw her give it into the servant's hand; then turning from her, begged to be left alone. As Miss Hamilton crossed the threshold she looked back, and saw him for the last time writing already beside his desk. The next morning he was gone. He had taken passage in a vessel that sailed at dawn for Europe, and left the storm to break upon the heads of others.

In a few hours the world knew that John Hamilton was a ruined man; that in his ruin many others were involved; and that for years he had been playing a bold game, which, being lost, made him almost infamous.

And while this wonder engrossed the thoughts of others Charlotte sat alone with the letter he had written her upon her knee, believing she had gone mad; for there she read these words:

> "Remembering our last meeting, you can not say that I have not done my duty to you. As you have sown so you must reap. I should be happier could I know that your life would be passed in comfort and affluence. Were the name of Hamilton one to be proud of I would leave you that. As it is, you may be glad to know it is not yours. Your own is humbler and more honest. You will learn the truth from the papers I inclose. Farewell. There was never any deep love between us. But you have been dutiful. God bless you! We may meet in the next world—never here. JOHN HAMILTON."

And as yet Charlotte had not dared to open the sealed packet where the secret lay. Not Charlotte Hamilton! Who was she then? A terror fell upon her, and she felt her blood freezing in her veins.

And as she bowed her head beneath the blow which had fallen and the unseen stroke yet hanging over her a hand was on the door, and Dark White stole in and came and knelt beside her. She looked at the letter on her knee, and at the sealed packet, and asked a question with her eyes. And the proud girl turned to her poor comforter.

"Oh, Dark," she sobbed, "I am bewildered; I dare not read those papers! Do you know—you who have known me so long—the real truth: was poor papa mad when he wrote this, or am I not his daughter?"

Old Dark began to rock herself to and fro.

"He had his senses, Miss Lotty," she said. "I know it's all true, my deary—all true."

"Who am I, Dark, if not Miss Hamilton?"

"It's in them papers, Miss Lotty."

"Tell me; I can not read. Oh, my brain!"

"Oh! it's hard to tell, Miss Lotty, and to see you sorrier than before, and maybe angry. And I haven't the gift of talking like a lady could, and I don't know where to begin. There was a woman once—a young woman then, Miss Lotty—that worked hard and tried to be honest and to do her duty to her God and her husband. They were poor folk, Miss—he was but a bit of a shoemaker—but fond of each other, clinging together like as if they had no other friends; and they hadn't; they were all alone. So when he took sick of a fever that seemed to burn his life up by slow inches his wife felt the hull world was lyin' there on his bed, and prayed the Lord not to leave her behind if he was took. But it seemed the Lord refused to listen, and the very day he was buried her first child was born into the world—a little girl, that never rightly saw her father, though the mother made them take her and show her the dead face in its coffin, kinder in hopes the baby might remember.

"So you see, being but a poor shoemaker, after the funeral there was nothing left. And she was ill—the mother, you know, a long while; and it seemed likely she would starve. But just then there came to the neighborhood a lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, and they heard of her, and they did kindly by her and the child. And the lady took a fancy to the baby—she'd never had none of her own—and so one day both came to the woman and asked her to give them her child. And she cried out, 'No,' quite wild like, and hugged her baby to her heart. But they talked her over. They told her she was poor and could hardly earn bread, and that with them the child would be brought up a rich lady.

"'And you do wrong to put your own feelings between her and her good,' says the lady. And the poor woman says—says she, 'I won't then,' and she prayed God to help her. But she wouldn't take money—oh no, that was like selling her child.

"So they wrote out papers and she signed 'em, promising never to claim the girl; and the child was taken to Mrs. Hamilton's, and a hired nurse took care of it; and it grew up beautiful and sweet, and a lady—that poor shoemaker's child. And its poor mother saw it changing so, and thanked Heaven she had done what she had. But oh—but oh, she never thought of this, and I can't tell you her name!

"Open them papers—her name is at the bottom, and oh, don't hate her—don't hate her! She's poor and she's ignorant, but she's loved you all her life."

She put the package, with its red seal, on Charlotte's knee.

The girl took it slowly up, opened it, and waited, with her hand covering the name. Then she forced herself to read the line written in blotted characters—"Dorcas White."

The old woman watched her. She never stirred. Her head was bowed down, her cheek white. Poor Dark trembled. She shrank back trembling, and hid her face in her apron. Suddenly a word dropped into the silence—one word. Old Dark thought she dreamed it. She lifted up her eyes. Her daughter stood there with outstretched arms. "Mother!" she said again, "mother!" And the two women wept upon each other's bosoms.

For a few moments only, for at last Dark lifted her face, radiant with joy, and said, gently, "The story isn't done yet, deary. There's more to tell."

"More, mother!"

"Yes, deary. It begins to-day. I don't have many visitors, but I had one this morning. He came up my stairs and rapped. I knowed him at once, though he's browner than he was six months ago, and more sailor-like. Says he, all breathless and pale, 'Let me come in and sit down. I want to talk to you.' I said, 'And welcome, Sir.' And we talked about you, deary. Oh, my pet, there's many things Dark doesn't understand, but this ain't one of 'em. You're dearer to him than all the world. He's true and brave. He'd heard half the story, and I told him the rest—my part, you know. Oh, deary, I saw you cry one night for him, and he cried for you to-day. The tears were in his blue eyes. Will you see him now? He came with me, and is awaiting, deary."

Pausing for no answer she left the room. In another moment a step smote the stair with a glad ring, and Charles Gordon stood upon the threshold.

All the girl's proud blood rushed into her face. She put out her hand to stop him. "Stay!" she said. "Remember I am no longer Miss Hamilton. I am only the penniless child of a poor shoemaker; the daughter of humble, ignorant Dorcas White." She tried to go on, but beneath the lovelight in his blue eye her pride forsook her. One vain effort to recall it convinced her it was quite gone; and sobbing forth, "Oh, Charley, I am so happy!" she let him clasp her in his arms.

And so it came to pass that one day there was a humble wedding in a church as humble; and that within a quiet cottage home, where Love reigned monarch, old Dark ended her quiet life, honored and cherished; and, ere she closed her eyes, had, with her wrinkled hands, heaped many a basket high with snow-white linen for successive babies who called Lottie mother.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

THE Captain's wife and daughter generally accompanied him in his voyages. The latter was one of those sweet creatures that one can not see without admiring, and can not admire without loving. You may easily suppose, then, from the numerous opportunities which circumstances gave me of meeting and conversing with her, that it was not long before I began to feel a more than ordinary pleasure and interest in her society. But I soon discovered the hopelessness of any feelings beyond esteem for her virtues, and respect for her person, for we had not been above a week at sea, when I saw tokens of reciprocal attachment between her and Tom Truehold. Nothing particular occurred during our voyage. One afternoon, as I was walking on the deck, Truehold came up to me, in a state of great agitation, and told me that the Captain had just ordered him out of the cabin.

I asked him what he meant.

After a few minutes he told me that he and the Captain's daughter had long cherished an affection for each other; and that he had just asked her father's permission to marry her when we arrived again in port. On hearing which the Captain had flown into a violent passion, and ordered him to go on deck, never to enter his cabin in future, and never to dare to mention the subject to him again.

In the mean time the Captain had called his daughter into his cabin, and told her—with a threat of solitary confinement in case of disobedience—never, under any circumstances, to allow any communication to take place between her and Truehold, unless in his own presence, which she—too well knowing the inflexible nature of her father to think lightly of his threats—for some time tried to obey.

For the first month or six weeks of our voyage the painful injunctions of the Captain were, to all appearances, strictly observed by his daughter and Truehold. But the effects of so terrible a struggle in her heart were soon evident; and, in spite of all that both the Captain and his wife could do to cheer their daughter, her spirit sunk, the ruddy tinge disappeared from her cheeks, and she gradually drooped, till at length the slender thread of her earthly existence seemed all but broken. In all his anxiety for her—for the Captain really loved his daughter—perhaps it never once entered into his mind that her illness was only the result of his own unnatural severity; nor did she disclose to her mother the secret that preyed upon her heart, and beneath which she was sinking.

We had been at sea about six weeks, as I said, when one night, after having been relieved from my watch, I remained for some time walking the deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the skies above me. After having remained a short time in conversation with Truehold, who took charge of the watch, I bade him good-night, and went below to my berth; but, feeling rather disinclined for sleep, I sat down, and, taking up a volume which lay by me, commenced reading. I had not read above fifteen or twenty minutes, when I thought I heard a slight sound like the opening of a door. I listened for a few seconds, but hearing nothing more I again turned to my book. After the space of about five minutes, I was again startled by a creaking noise like the opening of another door, which, from the direction, I knew to come from the Captain's berth. Surprised, I attentively listened, putting out my light to avoid drawing attention to me, and immediately heard a heavy foot cross the cabin, and cautiously proceed toward the stair, as if for the purpose of going on deck. With a noiseless step I left my berth, and on reaching the bottom of the stair I saw the Captain crouching within the shade of the binnacle, apparently watching something on deck. After a moment he sprung forward, exclaiming,

"Ha, you villain! I have caught you then!"

Alarmed and wondering what this could mean, I instantly followed; and on reaching the top of the stair I saw him grasping Truehold by the collar, while his daughter was clinging to his knees in terror and supplication.

"Get up!" said the Captain, addressing his daughter, and spurning her from him. "Get up! I shall put a stop to your moonlight assignations for the future. Go; get below with you! Up, up, I tell you!" cried he, with increasing wrath, as she still clung to his knees. "And you, Sir," he continued, addressing Truehold, "I shall take care you don't neglect your duties any more. From this moment consider yourself discharged from all responsibility on board the ship. Go below, Sir; go below to your berth, or I shall send you down in chains."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed his daughter, in a wild and beseeching tone; "oh, father!"

"Silence!" he cried, interrupting her fiercely, seizing her by the arm, and dragging her after him. "I have long tried to catch you at your midnight meetings, and have succeeded at last."

"For Heaven's sake, Captain," said Truehold, unable to restrain his feelings any longer, "do not use your innocent daughter so harshly."

"What!" cried the Captain, still more fiercely; "what! will you dare to interfere? Go; get you below this instant!"

"I will not, Sir," replied Truehold, firmly.

"Eh! you won't, do you say?" exclaimed the Captain, grinding his teeth with rage. "You won't?" he reiterated, drawing a pistol from his pocket. "Then, by Heaven! I shall send you to a berth you don't expect!" and, without further warning, fired the pistol, which, fortunately missing its mark, entered the mast close by where Truehold stood. In a moment the Captain, dashing the pistol on the deck, pulled out another, and proceeded to take a more deliberate aim at Truehold, who stood without attempting to move from his position; but at the moment the Captain's finger was on the trigger I sprang forward, and seizing his arm, tried to turn the pistol from his intended victim. In the short struggle that ensued the pistol went off, and shot his daughter through the shoulder. A half-suppressed cry burst from her lips; and, while a faint smile passed over her pallid features, she sunk into the arms of Truehold, who caught her as she was falling.

Petrified with horror, thinking he had killed his daughter, the Captain dropped the pistol at his feet, and stood for a few moments as if every sense and feeling had left him. Then uttering a wild shriek, he cried:

"Oh, my daughter! I have murdered my daughter!" and before any one was aware of his intention threw himself overboard.

At the same moment his daughter opened her eyes, and, conscious of what had occurred, looked up in Truehold's face with an expression of mingled entreaty and affection, faintly saying, "Save my father! I'm not much hurt! Save my father!"

"I will, or perish!" replied Truehold, pulling me back as I was about to leap over after the Captain; and motioning me to take charge of her, ordered the ship to be brought to and a boat to be lowered, at the same moment throwing off his jacket and springing with a bound into the sea.

A boat having, meanwhile, been lowered, in a few minutes they were all extricated from their perilous situation and placed in safety on deck.

The Captain, who was carried below in a state of insensibility, was immediately attended by the surgeon belonging to the troops, and was soon restored to animation.

In the mean time I had conveyed his daughter below; where, finding her wound was in nowise dangerous, I consigned her to the care of the assistant-surgeon of the troops, and hurried into the cabin where the Captain had been carried, who was just becoming sensible as I entered.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed, opening his eyes and looking wildly around him. "Ah! I have no daughter! I have murdered her! She is dead! O my daughter, my daughter!"

"She still lives," returned the doctor, undisturbed by the violence of his patient. "She still lives; and, if you will keep calm, she will soon be well again."

"Then I will be calm," he replied, assuming a sudden composure, which continued but for a few moments; for he almost immediately exclaimed, "No, no, you only try to deceive me; she is dead!"

"No, I do not deceive you," said the surgeon, "she still lives, and if you will promise to remain quiet, I will bring her to you!"

The surgeon retired, and soon returned with the Captain's daughter, whose wound having been dressed, a shawl was thrown over her shoulder to hide all appearance of it from her father. She paused, tremblingly, as she entered, for at that moment the excited tones of his voice met her ear.

Looking round, the Captain now saw his daughter, and raising himself up—"My child, my child, thank God for preserving you!" he cried, as he stretched out his hands toward her, while she sprung forward to meet his embrace, and sunk into his arms, too much overcome by her feelings to speak.

For a few minutes not a sound was heard but the suppressed sobs of the father and his daughter, and not a word was spoken. Every one looked on, as if afraid to break the solemn silence of the scene. At length, gently extricating himself from the embrace of his daughter, the Captain looked round the cabin, and seeing Truehold watching him with a look of deepest sympathy, he motioned him to approach, and pressing his hand, said,

"Forgive me, Truehold, for the suffering I have caused both you and myself." Then taking his daughter's hand, and placing it in Truehold's, he continued, "Take her, and may God bless you both!" The Captain paused, deeply affected, but evidently happier; while Truehold, with a look of mingled surprise, love, joy, and sadness, clasped her to his bosom, whose heart had so long been his.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR AND HIS "PARTNER."—He saw the medical superintendent and said, "I don't wish to go over the asylum in the usual way, but to mingle with the patients as if I were a—an officer, a surgeon, or even one of themselves. By so doing I shall be better enabled to judge of their intellectual state, and of their progress in the direction of sanity." "With pleasure," said the doctor; "it is Saturday, and we usually have a dance on Saturday night. If you go into the ball-room, as we call it, you will see them dancing and talking without reserve." "Would it be objectionable if I—a—danced with them?" asked the official. "Not at all," was the reply. The official walked into the ball-room, and, selecting the prettiest girl he saw for a partner, was soon keeping up a very animated conversation with her. In the course of the evening he said to the doctor, "Do you know that that girl in the white dress with blue spots is a very curious case? I've been talking to her, and I can not, for the life and soul of me, discover in what direction her mental malady lies. Of course, I saw at once she was mad—saw it in the odd look of her eyes. She kept looking at me so oddly. I asked her if she did not think she was the Queen of England, or whether she had not been robbed of a large fortune by the volunteer movement, or jilted by the Prince of Wales, and tried to find out the cause of her lunacy; but I couldn't, she was too artful." "Very like," answered the doctor; "you see she is not a patient, she is one of the housemaids, and as sane as you are." Meantime, the pretty housemaid went to all her fellow-servants, and said, "Have you seen the new patient? He's been dancing with me. A fine tall man, and beautiful whiskers! but as mad as a March hare. He asked me if I wasn't the Queen of England; if a volunteer hadn't robbed me of a large fortune; and whether the Prince of Wales didn't want to marry me. He is mad? Isn't it a pity—such a fine young man?"

BRIDE AND GROOM A CENTURY AGO.—To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a show of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rose-bud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a dollar, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentous frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

MODERN LOVE-LETTERS.—That chivalrous idolatry of woman—that delicate recognition of her claims as mother, wife, and sister—that idealization of her sweet qualities and attractive virtues, which shine conspicuous in every page of the elder poets, and infused a certain grace and tenderness into the spirit of the age, has pitifully decayed, and men too often speak of womanhood with irreverent freedom, while womanhood neglects to assert her own pure dignity. And as there can be no love where there is no respect, the relations between the sexes are daily growing less frank and genial, and a language of slang and persiflage is usurping the place of the courteous and decorous speech in which our ancestors greeted the maidens they wooed or the wives they honored. I do not think that this can be for the good of society. I think that manly virtues are nourished by womanly graces, and that the dignity of woman fosters the manliness and self-respect of man. Let not fashion, then, sweep away the love-letters in which young and happy hearts express their happiness; in which fond and trusting spirits give utterance to their trust. Still continue, oh friend, to think thy Arabella a peerless lady, and thou, Arabella, to believe thy Frank to be a loyal and generous knight. Be not ashamed of thy love, but, with the great singer of these later times, exclaim,

"I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

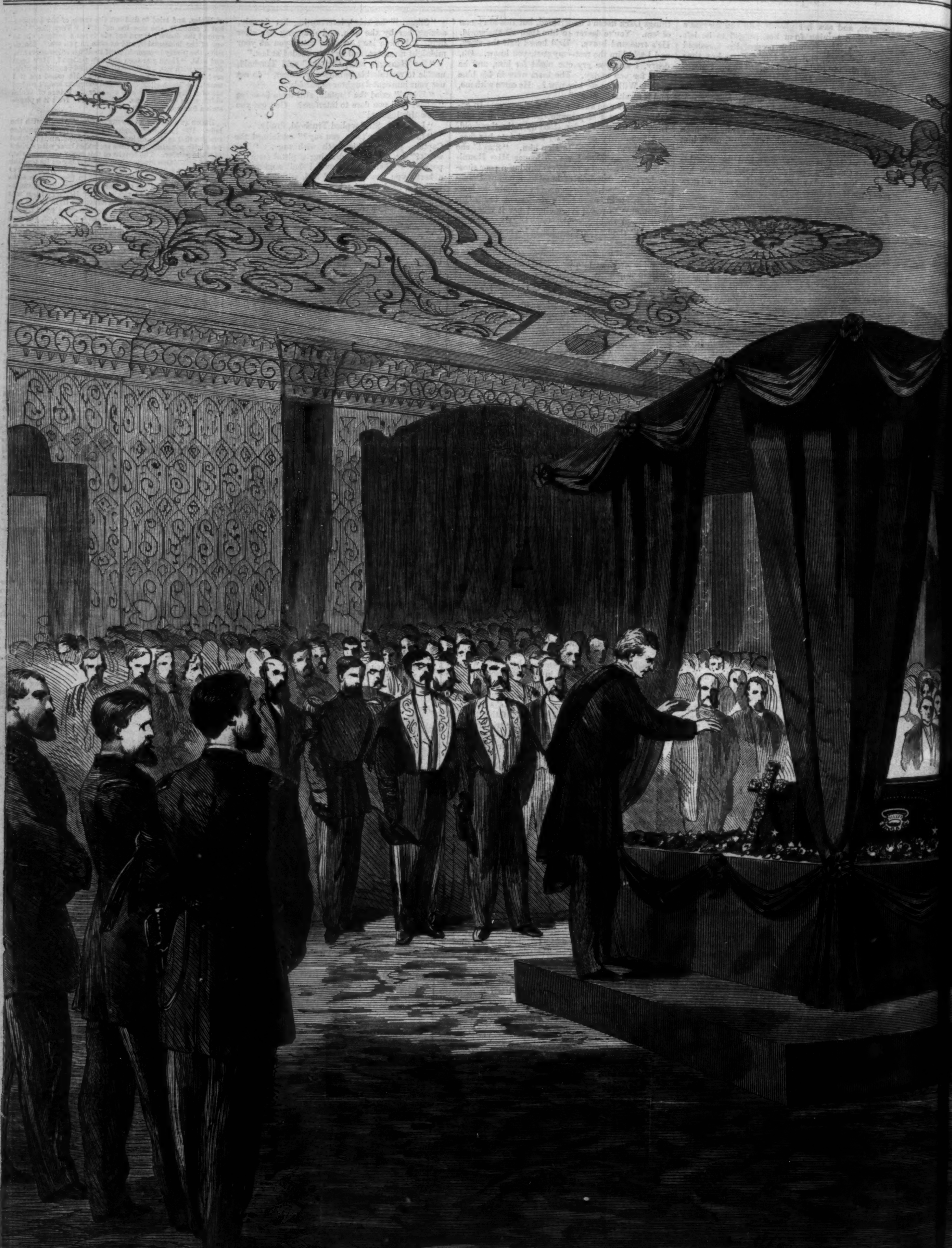
THE rage for golden hair which agitates Paris just now is no Imperial novelty. Firenzuola, the early Italian writer, says, as if the point admitted of no dispute, that the proper color of a lovely woman's hair is golden; and the Venetian women were accustomed to anoint their hair and then sit upon the house-roof, allowing the blazing sun to stream down upon their heads, in the hope of catching the golden tint so loved by artists. We hope the Parisian girls will afford us the pleasure of seeing them on the roof.

AN old Malay was returning home, after a visit to town, to his house at Selita. He had his little child, a boy of seven or eight years old, slung behind him, and both were contentedly chewing away at jagong (Indian corn), when the father on lifting up his eyes saw a tiger crouching down right in front of him, and apparently preparing for a spring. Calling to mind the old saying—that if you will talk to the tiger, and reason with him, he will leave you unmolested—he gasped out a few words, and found that they appeared to arrest the tiger; but being anxious not to risk the life of his son, he moved slowly backward to a tree which he remembered to have passed a few yards behind. The tiger advanced upon him step for step as he retreated. When the old man's back touched the tree he told his son to climb up. This the boy did, and the father, relieved of anxiety on his account, drew his wood knife, and commenced an advance, arguing all the while with the keenest logic—sharpened, no doubt, by the occasion—that it would be infinitely better for both to part without quarreling. This advance and retreat continued for about fifty yards, when the tiger, either persuaded by the logic or daunted by the bravery of the man, turned tail and bolted into the jungle.

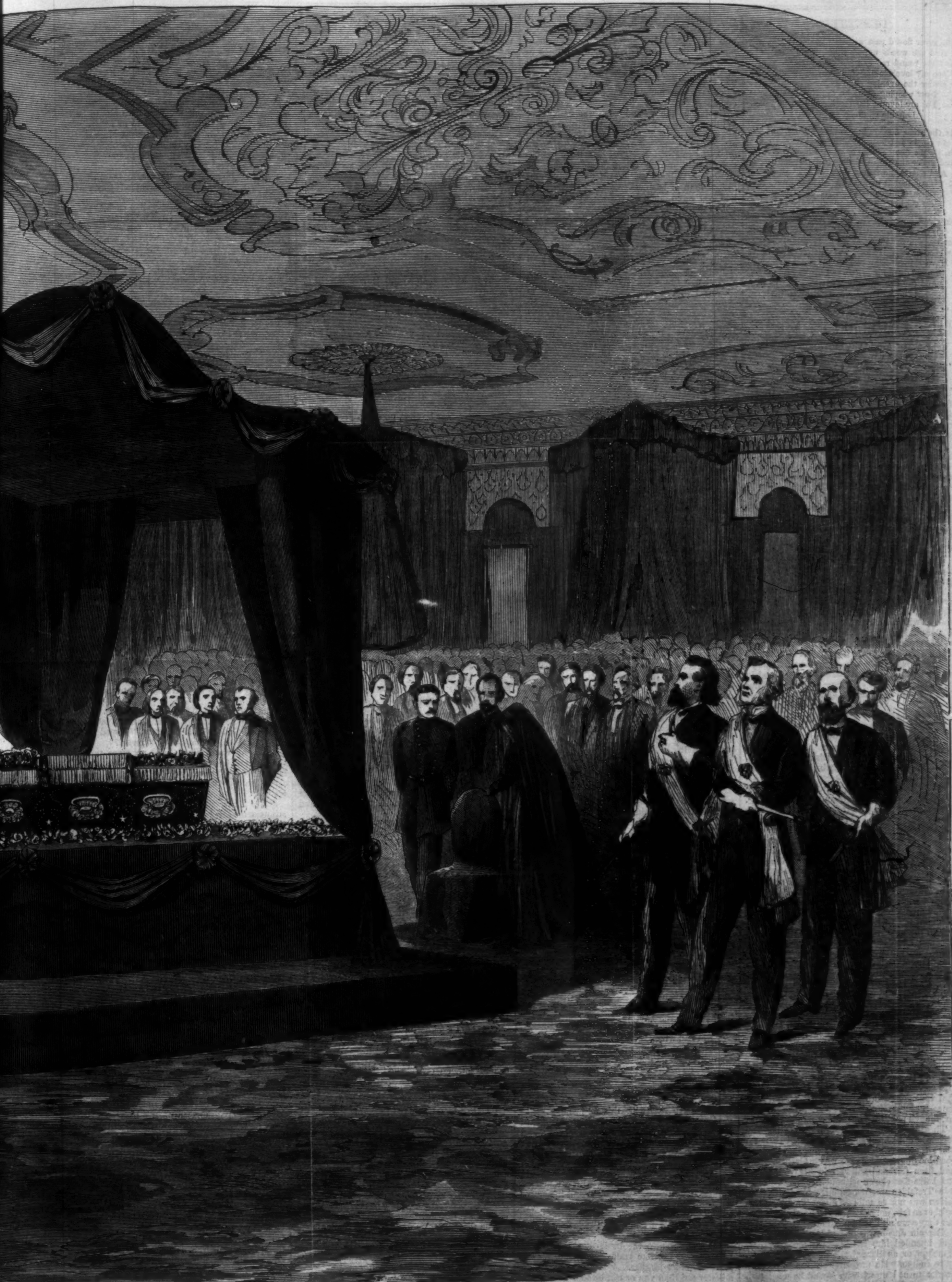
INGENUITY IN A NEW CHANNEL.—The engineer of the Thames Tunnel was remarkable for possessing very flexible joints and muscles, which were the cause of some ingenious but harmless practical jokes, in which he occasionally indulged. His daughter, Lady Hawes, among some interesting anecdotes communicated concerning her late father, and related by her to Mr. Beamish, gives one or two instances of this. On his first visit to Falmouth he sent for a tailor to take his measure for a coat. It was to be made in great haste, and the man promised to have it ready to be tried on the following day. The promise was punctually fulfilled; but the coat did not fit. The right shoulder was discovered to be so much higher than the left, that to adapt it by any trifling alteration was impossible. With many apologies for not having observed the peculiarity, the man promised to correct his mistake without further loss of time. The same night the tailor returned, when to his astonishment he found that the peculiarity of formation instead of being in the right shoulder was in the left. He was utterly at a loss to account for his blunder; but it was impossible to doubt that in his original perplexity he had altogether mistaken the side on which the supposed malformation existed. When in the climax of his bewilderment, Brunel with a laugh undeceived him, by explaining the hoax he had practiced, and the practical joker having promised to pay for the extra trouble, the tailor joined heartily in applauding the joke.

On another occasion this peculiarity was exercised to better account. Brunel's known kindness to real distress brought upon him numerous attempts at imposture. It happened one day that he heard a woman asking for charity at his door, and almost forcing her way into the house, while piteously bemoaning an accident which had entirely deprived her of the use of her thumb, and consequently of her needle. It was apparently a case of severe dislocation, which had taken from her altogether the means of earning her livelihood. The manner of the woman, however, aroused Brunel's suspicion, and he asked to be allowed to examine the thumb attentively. Confident in a successful result, she unwound the bandages, and presented it. "Ah," said the engineer, after a slight scrutiny. "Very curious; almost as curious as *my* thumbs;" and to the astonishment of the woman he exhibited both his own thumbs, exactly in the condition in which she pretended her own to be. The cheat was discovered, and the impostor quitted the house without saying a word.

HOW MOZART WON HIS WAGER.—The following anecdote is related: "Mozart and Haydn being at a party, the former laid a wager of six bottles of Champagne with the latter that he would not play at sight a piece of music which he (Mozart) would compose. Haydn accepted the challenge, and Mozart speedily wrote down a few notes and presented them to Haydn, who, having played a prelude, exclaimed, 'How do you think I can play that? My hands are at each extremity of the piano, and there is at the same time a note in the middle.' 'Does that stop you?' said Mozart. 'Well, you shall see.' On coming to the difficult passage, Mozart, without stopping, struck the note in the middle of the piano with his nose, and every one burst laughing. What made the act more ridiculous was that Haydn had a flat nose, while Mozart's was a long one. Haydn therefore paid for the smallness of his nasal protuberance six bottles of Champagne."



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—SERVICE AT THE



HE WHITE HOUSE, April 19, 1865.—[See Page 278.]

DESERTED.

THE river flow'd past with the light on its breast,
And the weeds went eddying by,
And the round red sun sank down in the west
When my love's loving lips to my lips were press'd
Under the evening sky.
Now weeping alone by the river I stray,
For my love he has left me this many a day,
Left me to droop and die!

As the river flow'd then the river flows still,
In ripple and foam and spray,
On by the church, and round by the hill,
And under the sluice of the old burnt mill,
And out to the fading day.
But I love it no more, for delight grows cold
When the song is sung, and the tale is told,
And the heart is given away!

Oh, river, run far! Oh, river, run fast!
Oh, weeds, float out to the sea!
For the sun has gone down on my beautiful past,
And the hopes that like bread on the waters I cast
Have drifted away like thee!
So the dream it is fled, and the day it is done,
And my lips still murmur the name of one
Who will never come back to me!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

PROLOGUE.—A.D. 1760.

JACOB TREFALDEN, merchant and alderman of London, lay dying in an upper chamber of his house in Basinghall Street, toward evening on the third day of April, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and sixty.

It was growing rapidly dusk. The great house was full of gloom, and silence, and the shadow of death. Two physicians occupied two easy-chairs before the fire in the sick man's chamber. They were both notabilities in their day. The one was Sir John Pringle, Physician Extraordinary to the King, a brave and skillful man, who had smelt powder at Dettingen, and won the soldiers' hearts by his indomitable coolness under fire. The other was Doctor Joshua Ward, commonly called "Spot Ward" from his rubicund face; and immortalized by Hogarth in that somewhat bitter caricature called The Company of Undertakers.

These gentlemen did little in the way of conversation. When they spoke at all, it was in a whisper. Now and then they compared their watches with the time-piece on the mantle-shelf. Now and then they glanced toward the bed where, propped almost upright with pillows, an old man was sinking gradually out of life. There was something very ghastly in that old man's face, purple-hued, unconscious, and swathed in wet bandages. His eyes were closed. His lips were swollen. His breathing was slow and stertorous. He had been smitten down that day at noon by a stroke of apoplexy; was carried home from 'Change in a dying state; and had not spoken since. His housekeeper crouched by his bedside, silent and awe-struck. His three sons and his lawyer waited in the drawing-room below. They all knew that he had not two more hours to live.

In the mean time the dusk thickened, and the evening stillness grew more and more oppressive. A chariot rumbled past from time to time, or a news-vender trudged by, hawking the London *Gazette*, and proclaiming the sentence just passed on Lord George Sackville. Sometimes a neighbor's foot-boy came to the door with a civil inquiry; or a little knot of passengers loitered on the opposite pavement, and glanced up, whisperingly, at the curtained windows. By-and-by, even these ceased to come and go. A few oil-lamps were lighted at intervals along the dingy thoroughfare, and the stars and the watchmen came out together.

"In the name of Heaven," said Captain Trefalden, "let us have lights!" and rang the drawing-room bell.

Candles were brought, and the heavy damask curtains were drawn. Captain Trefalden took up the *Gazette;* Frederick Trefalden looked at himself in the glass, arranged the folds of his cravat, yawned, took snuff, and contemplated the symmetry of his legs; William Trefalden drew his chair to the table, and began abstractedly turning over the leaves of the last *Idler*. There were other papers and books on the table as well—among them a little volume called "Rasselas," from the learned pen of Mr. Samuel Johnson (he was not yet LL.D.), and the two first volumes of "Tristram Shandy," written by that ingenious gentleman, the Reverend Laurence Sterne. Both works were already popular, though published only a few months before.

These three brothers were curiously alike, and curiously unlike. They all resembled their father; they were all fine men; and they were all good-looking. Old Jacob was a Cornish man, had been fair and stalwart in his youth, and stood five feet eleven without his shoes. Captain Trefalden was not so fair; Frederick Trefalden was not so tall; William Trefalden was neither so fair, nor so tall, nor so handsome; and yet they were all like him, and like each other.

Captain Jacob was the eldest. His father had intended him for his own business, but, somehow or another, the lad never took kindly to indigo. He preferred scarlet—especially scarlet turned up with buff—and he went into the army. Having led a roving, irregular youth, sown his wild oats in various congenial European soils, and fought gallantly at Dettingen, Fontenoy, Laffeldt, and Minden, he had now, at forty years of age, committed the unspeakable folly of marrying for neither rank nor money, but only for love. His father had threatened to disinherit Captain Trefalden for this misdeed, and for five months past had forbidden him the house. His brothers were even more indignant than their father—or had seemed to be so. In short, this was the first occasion on which the worthy officer had set foot in Basinghall Street for many a long day; and all three gentlemen were naturally somewhat constrained and silent.

Frederick, the second son, was thirty-six; William, thirty. Frederick hated indigo almost as cordially as his brother Jacob; William had scarcely a thought that was not dyed in it. Frederick was an airy, idle, chocolate-drinking, snuff-taking, card-playing, ridotto-haunting man of pleasure. William was a cool, methodical, ambitious man of business. Neither of the three had ever cared much for the other two. It was not in the nature of things that much affection should exist between them. Their temperaments and pursuits were radically unlike. They had lost their mother while they were yet boys. They had never had a sister. The sweet womanly home-links had all been wanting to bind their hearts together.

And now the brothers were met under their father's roof this memorable third evening in April; and in the dark chamber overhead, already beyond all help from human skill, that father lay dying. They were all thinking the same thoughts in the silence of their hearts, and in those thoughts there was neither prayer nor sadness. Poor old man! He was immensely rich—he was pitiably destitute. No one loved him; and he was worth Half a Million.

Mr. Frederick Trefalden took out his watch, swore a fashionable oath, and declared that he was famishing.

"Have something to eat, brother Fred?" suggested the captain; and so rang the bell again, and ordered refreshments to be taken into the dining-room.

The two younger Trefaldens exchanged glances and a covert smile. Their elder brother was already assuming the master, it should seem! Well, well, Lawyer Beavington is there, and the will has yet to be read.

In the mean time Mr. Fred and the captain go down together; for the latter has ridden up from Hounslow, and will not object to join his brother in "a snack of cold meat and a bumper of claret." Mr. Will, like a sober citizen, has dined at two o'clock, and only desires that a dish of tea may be sent to him in the drawing-room.

If any thing could be more dismal than that gloomy drawing-room it was the still gloomier dining-room below. The walls were paneled with dark oak, richly carved. The chimney-piece was a ponderous cenotaph in black and yellow marble. The hangings were of mulberry-colored damask. A portrait of the master of the house, painted forty years before by Sir James Thornhill, hung over the fire-place. Seen by the feeble glimmer of a couple of wax-lights, there was an air of sepulchral magnificence about the place which was infinitely depressing. The very viands might have reminded these gentlemen of funeral-baked meats—above all, the great veal pasty which lay in state in the middle of the board. They were both hungry, however, and it did nothing of the kind.

The captain took his place at the head of the table, and plunged his knife gallantly into the heart of the pasty.

"If thou hast as good a stomach, Fred, as myself," said he, growing cordial under the influence of the good things before him, "I'll warrant thee we'll sack this fortress handsomely."

The fine gentleman shrugged his shoulders somewhat contemptuously.

"I detest such coarse dishes," said he. "I dined with Sir Harry Fanshawe yesterday at the Hummums. We had a ragout of young chicks, not a week out of the shell, and some à-la-mode beef that would have taken thy breath away, brother Jacob."

"I'd as lieve eat of this pasty as of any ragout in Christendom," said the captain.

"Mr. Horace Walpole and Mrs. Clive were at dinner all the time in the next room," continued the beau; "and the drollest part of the story is that Sir Harry and I adjourned in the evening to Vauxhall, and there, by Jove! found ourselves supping in the very next box to Mr. Horace and Mrs. Kitty again!"

"Help yourself to claret, Fred, and pass the bottle," said the captain, who, strange to say, saw no point in the story at all.

"Not bad wine," observed Mr. Fred, tasting his claret with the air of a connoisseur. "The old gentleman hath an excellent cellar."

"Ay, indeed," replied the captain, thoughtfully.

"But he never knew how to enjoy his money."

"Never."

"To live in a place like this, for instance," said the beau, looking round the room. "Basinghall Street—faugh! And to keep such a cook; and never to have set up his chariot! 'Sdeath, Sir, you and I will know better what to do with the guineas!"

"I should think so, brother Fred, I should think so," replied the captain, with a touch of sadness in his voice. "'Twas a dull life—poor old gentleman! Methinks you and I might have helped to make it gayer."

"Curse me if I know how!" ejaculated Mr. Fred.

"By sticking to the business—by living at home—by doing like young Will yonder," replied the elder brother. "That boy hath been a better son than you or me, brother Fred."

Mr. Fred looked very grave indeed. "Will hath an old head on young shoulders," said he. "Harkee, Jacob, hast any notion how the old man hath bestowed his money?"

"No more than this glass of claret," replied the captain.

They were both silent. A footstep went by in the hall. They listened; they looked at each other; they filled their glasses again. The same thought was uppermost in the mind of each.

"The fairest thing, Fred," said the honest captain, "would be, if 'twere left to us, share and share alike."

"Share and share alike!" echoed Mr. Fred, with a sounding oath. "Nay; the old man was too proud of his fortune to do that, brother Jacob. My own notion of this matter is— Hush! Any one listening?"

Captain Trefalden rose, glanced into the hall, closed the door, and resumed his seat.

"Not a soul. Well?"

"Well, my own notion is, that we younger sons shall have a matter of sixty or eighty thousand apiece; while you, as the head of the family, will take the bulk."

"It may be, Fred," mused the captain, complacently.

"And that bulk," continued Mr. Fred, "will be some three hundred and forty thousand pounds."

"I shall have to ask thee, Fred, how to spend it," said the captain, smiling.

"Then thou shalt spend it like a prince. Thou shalt buy an estate in Kent, and a town-house in Soho; thou shalt have horses, chariots, lackeys, liveries, wines, a pack of hounds, a box at the Italian Opera—"

"Which I don't understand a word of," interrupted the captain.

"A French cook, a private chaplain, a black foot-boy, a suit of diamonds for thy wife, and for thyself the prettiest mistress—"

"Hold, Fred," interposed the captain again. "None of the last, I beseech thee. My days of gallantry are over."

"But, my dear brother, no man of quality—"

"I'm not a man of quality," said the other. "I'm a simple soldier, and the son of a plain city merchant."

"Well, then, no man of parts and fortune—"

"The fortune's not mine yet, Fred," said the captain, dryly. "And as for my parts, why I think the less said of them the better. I'm no scholar, and that thou knowest as well as myself. Hark! some one taps. Come in."

The door opened, and a bronzed upright man, with something of a military bearing, came in. He held his hat and cane in his hand and saluted the brothers courteously. It was Sir John Pringle.

"Gentlemen," he said, gravely, "I grieve to be the bearer of sad tidings."

The brothers rose in silence. Captain Trefalden changed color.

"Is he—is my father dead?" he faltered.

The physician bent his head.

Captain Trefalden turned his face away. Frederick Trefalden took out his handkerchief and ostentatiously wiped away a tear—which was not there.

"Dr. Ward is gone," said Sir John, after a brief pause. "He desired his respects and condolences. Gentlemen, I wish you a good-evening."

"You will take a glass of claret, Sir John?" said Mr. Fred, pressing forward to the table. But almost before he could say the words the physician had waved a civil negative, and was gone. Mr. Fred shrugged his shoulders, filled the glass all the same, and emptied it.

"Zounds, brother," said he, "'tis of no use to be melancholy. Remember thou'rt now the head of the family. Let us go up stairs and read the will."

In the mean time William Trefalden, like a methodical young man of business, had been up to his father's room to find his father's keys, and down to the counting-house to fetch his father's deed-box out from the iron safe. When Mr. Fred and the captain came into the room they found Lawyer Beavington with his spectacles on, and the box before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, with calm importance, "be pleased to sit."

So the brothers drew their chairs to the table and sat down; all silent—all somewhat agitated.

The man of law unlocked the box.

It was full of papers, leases, transfers, debentures, agreements, bills of exchange, and so forth. These had all to be taken out, opened, and laid aside before the will turned up. That important document lay at the very bottom like hope at the bottom of Pandora's casket.

"'Tis not a long will," observed Mr. Beavington, with a preparatory cough.

As he unfolded it a slip of paper fell out.

"A memorandum, apparently, in your excellent father's own hand," said he, glancing through it. "Hm—ha—refers to the amount of his fortune. Have you, gentlemen, framed any ideas of the extent of the property?"

"'Twas thought my father owned half a million," replied Mr. Fred, eagerly.

"More than that," said the youngest son, with a shake of the head.

"You are right, Sir. The memorandum runs thus: '*Upon a rough calculation, I believe I may estimate my present estate at about five hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds.* (*Dated*) *January the first, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and sixty. Jacob Trefalden.*' A goodly fortune, gentlemen—a goodly fortune!"

The three brothers drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Five hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds!" repeated the captain. "Prythee, Mr. Beavington, proceed to the will."

The lawyer folded up the memorandum very slowly, drew the candles nearer, wiped his spectacles, and began:

"'IN the name of GOD, AMEN. I JACOB TREFALDEN born in the town of Redruth in the County of Cornwall and now a Citizen of London, Merchant (a Widower) being at present in good health of Body, and of sound and disposing Mind and Memory, for which I thank GOD, Do this eleventh day of January one thousand seven hundred and sixty make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following (that is to say) IMPRIMIS I DESIRE to be interred in my Family Vault by the side of my lately deceased wife and with as little Pomp and ceremony as may be. ITEM I give to such of my Executors hereinafter named as shall act under this my Will Five Hundred pounds Sterling each to be paid to or retained by them within six Calendar Months after my decease. I GIVE to my three sons Jacob, Frederick and William Five Thousand pounds Sterling each. I GIVE—'"

"Stay! Five thou— Please to read that again, Mr. Beavington," interrupted Captain Trefalden.

"'Five Thousand pounds Sterling each,'" repeated the lawyer. "The amount is quite plain. But have patience, gentlemen. We are but at the preliminaries. This five thousand each hath, doubtless, some special purpose. The main business is to come."

"Very possibly—very possibly, Mr. Beavington," replied the Captain. "I am all attention."

"'ITEM I GIVE to my Cashier Edward Prescott Five Hundred pounds Sterling. I GIVE to my other clerks One Hundred pounds Sterling each. AND I GIVE to my Household Servants Two Hundred pounds Sterling to be divided among them in equal shares. All which last-mentioned legacies I direct shall be paid within three Calendar Months next after my decease. I GIVE to the Minister for the time being of Redruth aforesaid and to the Minister for the time being of the Parish in which I shall happen to reside immediately previous to my decease One Hundred pounds Sterling each to be paid to them within One Calendar Month after that event shall happen and be by them forthwith distributed in such manner and proportion as they shall think proper among the poor Widows belonging to their Parishes respectively. ITEM, I do hereby direct and appoint that my Executors shall as soon as possible after my decease set apart out of my Property which consists entirely of Personal Estate, and is chiefly invested in the Government Stocks and Funds of this Kingdom, so much of my Funded property as shall be equal in value to the sum of Five Hundred Thousand pounds Sterling—'"

"Ha! now for it!" exclaimed Mr. Fred, breathlessly.

"'—the sum of Five Hundred Thousand pounds Sterling,'" continued the lawyer, "'which I give to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London for the time being and their successors forever IN TRUST for the purposes hereinafter expressed and I desire that as to this Gift they shall be called "TREFALDEN'S TRUSTEES" and that the amount of my Funded Property so to be set apart shall immediately afterwards be transferred to them accordingly.'"

The lawyer paused to clear his glasses. The brothers looked blankly in each other's faces.

"Good God! Mr. Beavington," gasped Captain Trefalden, "what does this mean?"

"On my word, Sir, I have no more notion than yourself," replied the lawyer. "The will is none of my making."

"Who drew it up?" asked Mr. Will, peremptorily.

"Not I, Sir. Your father hath gone to some stranger for this business. But perchance when we know more—"

"Enough, Sir; go on," said Mr. Fred and Mr. Will together.

The lawyer continued:

"'AND I hereby declare my Will to be that my said Trustees shall receive the annual Income of the said Trust Fund, and lay out and invest such Income in their names in the Purchase of Government Securities, and repeat such receipts and Investments from time to time in the nature of Compound Interest during the space of One Hundred years from the date of my decease, and that such accumulations shall continue and be increased until the same, with the original Trust Fund, shall amount to, and become in the aggregate, one entire clear principal sum of NINE MILLION POUNDS Sterling and upwards, AND I DESIRE that the same entire clear Principal Sum shall thenceforth be, or be considered as, divided into two equal parts, AND I GIVE One equal half part thereof unto the direct Heir Male of the Eldest Son of my Eldest Son, in total exclusion of the younger Branches of my Family and their descendants. AND as to the other equal half part of the said entire Principal Sum, I DIRECT my said Trustees to apply and dispose of the same in manner following (that is to say) IN the first place, in purchasing within the liberties of the City of London a plot of Freehold Ground of sufficient magnitude, and erecting thereon, under the superintendence of some eminent Architect, a Handsome and Substantial Building, with all suitable Offices, to be called "THE LONDON TREFALDEN BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION."

"'AND in the next place, in affording pecuniary aid as well permanent as temporary to decayed Tradesmen, Mercantile Men, Ship Brokers, Stock Brokers, Poor Clergymen, and Members of the Legal and Medical Professions, and the Widows and Orphans of each of those Classes respectively, and, if thought fit, to advance Loans without Interest to honest but unfortunate Bankrupts. With full power to receive into the Institution a limited number of poor and deserving Persons being Widows and Orphans of Citizens of London, and to maintain, clothe, and educate them so long as the Trustees shall think proper.

"'AND in order that such Institution may be properly established and may be managed and supported in a satisfactory manner, I request my said Trustees to prepare a scheme for the permanent Establishment and support thereof, and to submit the same to the Master of the Rolls for his approval. PROVIDED ALWAYS that in case there shall be no such Male Heir in the direct line from the Eldest Son of my Eldest Son Then I direct my said Trustees to apply the first mentioned half of the said entire principal sum in founding lesser Institutions of a similar kind to the above in Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol and Birmingham for the Benefit of the several classes of persons above enumerated and all which Institutions it is my Will shall be governed by the same Laws and Regulations as the original Institution or as near thereto as circumstance will permit. ITEM I GIVE all the rest and residue of my Funded Property Ready Money and Securities for Money Merchandise Debts Pictures Plate Furniture and all other my Property not otherwise disposed of by this my Will (but subject to the payment of my Debts Legacies Funerals and Testamentary expenses) UNTO my said three Sons in equal shares and in case any dispute shall arise between them as to the division thereof the matter shall be referred to my Executors whose decision shall be final. LASTLY I APPOINT my friends Richard Morton, Erasmus Brooke, Daniel Shuttleworth, and Arthur Mackenzie all of London, General Merchants, to be the Executors of this my Will. IN WITNESS whereof I the said Jacob Trefalden have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year first above written.

"'Jacob Trefalden.

"'Signed sealed published and declared by the above-named Jacob Trefalden as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who at his request and in his presence have subscribed our Names as Witnesses thereunto.

"'Signed. "'Nathaniel Murray.
"'Alexander Lloyd.'"

Mr. Beavington laid down the will, and took off his glasses. The brothers sat staring at him like men of stone. William Trefalden was the first to speak.

"I shall dispute this will," he said, looking very pale, but speaking in a firm, low tone. "It is illegal."

"It is a d—d, unnatural, infamous swindle," stammered Mr. Fred, starting from his seat, and shaking his clenched fist at the open document. "If I had known what a cursed old fool—"

"Hush, Sir, hush, I entreat," interposed the lawyer. "Let us respect the dead."

"Zounds! Mr. Beavington, we'll respect the dead," said Captain Trefalden, bringing his hand down heavily upon the table; "but I'll be hanged if we'll respect the deed! If it costs me every penny of the paltry five thousand, I'll fight this matter out, and have justice."

"Patience, brother Jacob—patience, brother Fred," said the youngest Trefalden. "I tell you both the will is illegal."

"How so, Sir?" asked the lawyer, briskly. "How so?"

"By the Mortmain Act passed but a few years since—"

"In seventeen hundred and thirty-six, statute nine of his present Majesty King George the Second," interposed Mr. Beavington.

"—which permits no money or land to be given in trust for the benefit of any charitable uses whatever."

The lawyer nodded approvingly.

"Very true, very true, very well remembered, Mr. Will," he said, rubbing his hands; "but you forget one thing."

"What do I forget?"

"That 'a citizen of London may, by the custom of London, devise Land situate in London in Mortmain, but he can not devise Land out of the city in Mortmain;' and for that quotation I can give you chapter and verse, Mr. Will."

Mr. Will put his hand to his head with a smothered groan.

"Then, by Heavens!" said he, tremulously, "'tis all over."

It was all over, indeed. Mr. Fred had spoken truly of the pride which Jacob Trefalden took in his fortune. Great as it was, he resolved to build it yet higher, and sink its foundations yet more broadly and deeply. To leave a colossal inheritance to an unborn heir, and to found a charity which should perpetuate his name through all time, were the two projects nearest and dearest to that old man's heart. He had brooded over them, matured them, exulted in them secretly for many a past year. The marriage of Captain Trefalden in November, 1759, only hastened matters, and legalized a forgone conclusion. Well was it for Jacob Trefalden's sons that his fortune amounted to that odd twenty-five thousand pounds. The Half Million had slipped through their fingers, and was lost to them forever.

CHAPTER I.

THE PASSING OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

When the princess in the fairy tale went to sleep for a hundred years, every thing else in that enchanted palace went to sleep at the same time. The natural course of things was suspended. Not a hair whitened on any head within those walls. Not a spider spun its web over the pictures; not a worm found its way to the books. The very Burgundy in the cellar grew none the riper for the century that it had lain there. Nothing decayed, in short, and nothing improved. Very different was it with this progressive England of ours during the hundred years that went by between the spring-time of 1760 and that of 1860, one hundred years after. None went to sleep in it. Nothing stood still. All was life, ferment, endeavor. That endeavor, it is true, may not always have been best directed. Some cobwebs were spun; some worms were at work; some mistakes were committed; but, at all events, there was no stagnation. En revanche, if, when we remember some of those errors, we can not help a blush, our hearts beat when we think of the works of love and charity, the triumphs of science, the heroes and victories which that century brought forth. We lost America, it is true; but we won Gibraltar, and we colonized Australia. We fought the French on almost every sea and shore upon the map, except, thank God! our own. We abolished slavery in our colonies. We established the liberty of the press. We lit our great city from end to end with a light only second to that of day. We originated a system of coaching at twelve miles the hour, which was unrivaled in Europe; and we superseded it by casting a network of iron roads all over the face of the country, along which the traveler has been known to fly at the rate of a mile a minute. Truly a marvelous century! perhaps the most marvelous which the world has ever known, since that from which all our years are dated!

And during the whole of this time the Trefalden legacy was fattening at interest, assuming overgrown proportions, doubling, trebling, quadrupling itself over and over and over again.

Not so the Trefalden family. They had increased and multiplied but scantily, according to the average of human kind; and had had but little opportunity of fattening, in so far as that term may be applied to the riches of the earth. One branch of it had become extinct. Of the other two branches only three representatives remained. We must pause to consider how these things came to pass, but only for a few moments; for of all the trees that have ever been cultivated by man the genealogical tree is the dryest. It is one, we may be sure, that had no place in the garden of Eden. Its root is in the grave; its produce mere Dead Sea fruit—apples of dust and ashes.

The extinct branch of the Trefaldens was that which began and ended in Mr. Fred. That ornament to society met his death in a tavern row about eighteen months after the reading of the will. He had in the mean while spent the whole of his five thousand pounds, ruined his tailor, and brought an honest eating-house keeper to the verge of bankruptcy. He also died in debt to the amount of seven thousand pounds; though, as Mr. Horace Walpole was heard to say, that was a large credit to his memory.

William, the youngest of the brothers, after a cautious examination of his prospects from every point of view, decided to carry on, at least, a part of the business. To this end he entered into partnership with his late father's managing clerk, an invaluable person, who had been in old Jacob's confidence for more than thirty years, and now that his employer was dead was thought to know more about indigo than any other man in London. He had also a snug sum in the Funds, and an only daughter, who kept house for him at Islington. When Mr. Will had ascertained the precise value of this young lady's attractions, he proposed a second partnership, was accepted, and married her. The fruit of this marriage was a son named Charles, born in 1770, who became in time his father's partner and successor, and in whose hands the old Trefalden house flourished bravely. This Charles, marrying late in life, took to wife the second daughter of a rich East India Director, with twelve thousand pounds for her fortune. She brought him four sons, the eldest of whom, Edward, born in 1815, was destined to indigo from his cradle. The second and third died in childhood, and the youngest, named William, after his grandfather, was born in 1822, and educated for the law.

The father of these young men died suddenly in 1844, just as old Jacob Trefalden had died more than eighty years before. He was succeeded in Basinghall Street by his eldest son. The new principal was, however, a stout, apathetic bachelor of self-indulgent habits, languid circulation, and indolent physique—a mere Roi Fainéant, without a Martel to guide him. He reigned only six years, and died, it is to be feared, of a flow of turtle soup to the head, in 1850, leaving his affairs hopelessly involved, and his books a mere collection of Sybilline leaves, which no accountant in London was augur enough to decipher. With him expired the mercantile house of Trefalden; and his brother, the lawyer, now became the only remaining representative of the youngest branch of the family.

For the elder branch we must go back again to 1760.

Honest Captain Jacob, upon whom had now devolved the responsibility of perpetuating the Trefalden name, took his five thousand pounds with a sigh, wisely relinquished all thought of disputing the will; sold his commission; emigrated to a remote corner of Switzerland; bought land, and herds, and a quaint little medieval château surmounted by a whole forest of turrets, gable-ends, and fantastic weather-cocks; and embraced the patriarchal life of his adopted country. Switzerland was at that time the most peaceful, the best governed, and the least expensive spot in Europe. Captain Jacob, with his five thousand pounds, was a *millionnaire* in the Canton Grisons. He was entitled to a seat in the Diet, if he chose to take it; and a vote, if he chose to utter it; and he interchanged solemn half-yearly civilities with the stiffest old Republican aristocrats in Chur and Thusis. But it was not for these advantages that he valued his position in that primitive place. He loved ease, and liberty, and the open air. He loved the simple, pastoral, homely life of the people. He loved to be rich enough to help his poorer neighbors—to be able to give the pastor a new cassock, or the church a new font, or the young riflemen of the district a silver watch to shoot for, when the annual Schützen Fest came round. He could not have done all this in England, heavily taxed and burdened as England then was, upon two hundred and fifty pounds a year. So the good soldier framed his commission, hung up his sword to rust over the dining-room chimney-piece, and planted and drained, sowed and reaped, shot an occasional chamois, and settled down for life as a Swiss country gentleman. Living thus, with the wife of his choice, and enjoying the society of a few kindly neighbors, he became the happy father of a son and two daughters, between whom, at his death, he divided his little fortune, share and share alike, according to his own simple notions of justice and love. The daughters married and settled far away, the one in Italy, the other on the borders of Germany. The son, who was called Henry, and born in 1762, inherited his third of the patrimony, became a farmer, and married at twenty years of age. He was necessarily a much poorer man than his father. Two-thirds of the best land had been sold to pay off his sisters' shares in the property; but he kept the old château (though he dwelt in only a corner of it), and was none the less respected by his neighbors. Here he lived frugally and industriously, often driving his own plow and branding his own sheep; and here he brought up his two sons, Saxon and Martin, the first of whom was born in 1783, and the second in 1786. They were all the family he reared. Other children were born to him from time to time, and played about his hearth, and gladdened the half-deserted little château with their baby laughter; but they all died in earliest infancy, and the violets grew thickly over their little graves in the churchyard on the hill.

Now Henry Trefalden knew right well that one of these boys, or a descendant of one of these boys, must inherit the great legacy by-and-by. He knew, too, that it was his duty to fit them for that gigantic trust as well as his poor means would allow, and he devoted himself to the task with a love and courage that never wearied. To make them honest, moderate, charitable, and self-denying; to teach them (theoretically) the true uses of wealth; to instruct them thoroughly in the history and laws of England; to bring them up, if possible, with English sympathies; to keep their English accent pure; to train them in the fear of God, the love of knowledge, and the desire of excellence—this was Henry Trefalden's life-long task, and he fulfilled it nobly.

His boys throve alike in body and in mind. They were both fine fellows; brave, simple, and true. Neither of them would have told a lie to save his life. Saxon was fair, as a Saxon should be. Martin was dark-eyed and olive-skinned like his mother. Saxon was the more active and athletic; Martin the more studious. As they grew older Saxon became an expert mountaineer, rifle-shot, and chamois-hunter; Martin declared his wish to enter the Lutheran church. So the elder brother staid at home, plowing and planting, sowing and reaping, shooting and fishing like his father and grandfather before him; and the younger trudged away one morning with his Alpen-stock in his hand, and his wallet on his back, bound for Geneva.

Time went on. Henry Trefalden died; young Saxon became the head of the family; and Martin returned from the University to accept a curacy distant about eight miles from home. By-and-by the good old priest, who had been the boys' schoolmaster long years before, also passed away; and Martin became pastor in his native place. The brothers now lived with their mother in the dilapidated château, fulfilling each his little round of duties, and desiring nothing beyond them. They were very happy. That quiet valley was their world. Those Alps bounded all their desires. They knew there was a great legacy accumulating in England, which might fall to Saxon's share some day if he lived long enough; but the time was so far distant, and the whole story seemed so dim and fabulous, that unless to laugh over it together in the evening, when they sat smoking their long pipes side by side under the trellised vines, the brothers never thought or spoke of the wealth which might yet be theirs. Thus more time went on, and old Madame Trefalden died, and the bachelor brothers were left alone in the little gray château. It was now 1830. In thirty more years the great legacy would fall due, and which of them might then be living to inherit it? Saxon was already a florid bald-headed mountaineer of forty-seven; Martin, a gray-haired priest of forty-four. What was to be done?

Sitting by their own warm hearth one bleak winter's evening, the two old bachelors took these questions into grave consideration. On the table between them lay a faded parchment copy of the alderman's last will and testament. It was once the property of worthy Captain Jacob, and had remained in the family ever since. They had brought this out to aid their deliberations, and had read it through carefully from beginning to end—without, perhaps, being very much the wiser.

"It would surely go to thee, Martin, if I died first," said the elder brother.

"Thou'lt not die first," replied the younger, confidently. "Thou'rt as young, Sax, as thou wert twenty years ago."

"But in the course of nature—"

"In the course of nature the stronger stuff outlasts the weaker. See how much heartier you are than myself!"

Saxon Trefalden shook his head.

"That's not the question," said he. "The real point is, *would* the money fall to thee? I think it would. It says here, '*in total exclusion of the younger branches of my family and their descendants.*' Mark that—'the younger branches,' Martin. Thou'rt not a younger branch. Thou'rt of the elder branch."

"Ay, brother, but what runs before. Go back a line, and thou'lt see it says '*to the direct heir male of the eldest son of my eldest son.*' Now thou'rt the eldest son of the eldest son, and I am not thy direct male heir. I am only thy younger brother."

"That's true," replied Saxon. "It seems to read both ways."

"All law matters seem to read both ways, Sax," said the priest, "and are intended to read both ways, 'tis my [illegible] for the confusion of the world. But why puzzle ourselves about the will at all? We can only understand the plain fact that thou art the direct heir, and that the fortune must be thine, thirty years hence, if thou'rt alive to claim it."

Saxon shrugged his broad shoulders, and lit his pipe with a fragment of blazing pine-wood picked from the fire.

"Pish! at seventy-seven years of age, *if* I am alive!" he exclaimed. "Of what good would it be to me?"

Martin made no reply, and they were both silent for several minutes. Then the pastor stole a furtive glance at his brother, coughed, stared steadily at the fire, and said,

"There is but one course for it, Sax. Thou must marry."

"Marry!" echoed the stout farmer, all aghast.

The pastor nodded.

"Marry? At my time of life? At forty-sev— No, thank you, brother. Not if I know it."

"Our poor father always desired it," said Martin.

Saxon took no notice.

"And it is in some sense thy duty to provide an heir to this fortune which—"

"The fortune be— I beg thy pardon, Martin; but what can it matter to thee or me what becomes of the fortune after we are both dead and gone? It would go to found charities, and do good somehow and somewhere. 'Twould be in better hands than mine, I'll engage."

"I am not so sure of that," replied the pastor. "Public charities do not always do as much good as private ones. Besides, I should like to think that a portion of that great sum might be devoted hereafter to the benefit of our poor brethren in Switzerland. I should like to think that by-and-by there might be a good road made between Tamins and Flims; and that the poor herdsmen at Altfelden might have a chapel of their own, instead of toiling hither eight long miles every Sabbath; and that a bridge might be built over the Hinter Rhine down by Ortenstein, where poor Rüth's children were drowned last winter when crossing by the ferry."

Saxon smoked on in silence.

"All this might be done, and more," added the pastor, "if thou wouldst marry, and bring up a son to inherit the fortune."

"Humph!" ejaculated the farmer, looking very grim.

"Besides," said Martin, timidly, "we want a woman in the house."

"What for?" growled Saxon.

"To keep us tidy and civilized," replied the pastor. "Things were very different, Sax, when our dear mother was with us. The house does not look like the same place."

"There's old Lötsch," muttered Saxon. "He does as well as any woman. He cooks, makes bread—"

"Cooks?" remonstrated the younger brother. "Why, the kid to-day was nearly raw, and the mutton yesterday was baked to a cinder."

The honest farmer stroked his beard, and sighed. He could not contradict that stubborn statement. Martin saw his advantage, and followed it up.

"There is but one remedy," he said, "and that a plain one. As I told thee before, Sax, thou must marry. 'Tis thy duty."

"Whom can I marry?" faltered Saxon, dolefully.

"Well, I've thought of that, too," rejoined the pastor, in an encouraging tone. "There's the eldest daughter of our neighbor Clauss. She is a good, prudent, housewifely maiden, and would suit thee exactly."

The elder brother made a wry face.

"She's thirty-five, if she's an hour," said he, "and no beauty."

"Brother Saxon," replied the pastor, "I am ashamed of thee. What does a sensible man of seven-and-forty want of youth and beauty in a wife? Besides, Marie Clauss is only thirty-two. I made particular inquiry about her age this morning."

"Why not marry her yourself, Martin?" said the farmer. "I'm sure that would do quite as well."

"My dear Saxon, only look again at the will, and observe that it is the direct heir male of the eldest son of the eldest son—"

Saxon Trefalden pitched his pipe into the fire, and sprang to his feet with an exclamation that sounded very like an oath.

"Enough, brother, enough!" he interrupted. "Say no more—put the will away—I'll go down to the Bergthal to-morrow, and ask her."

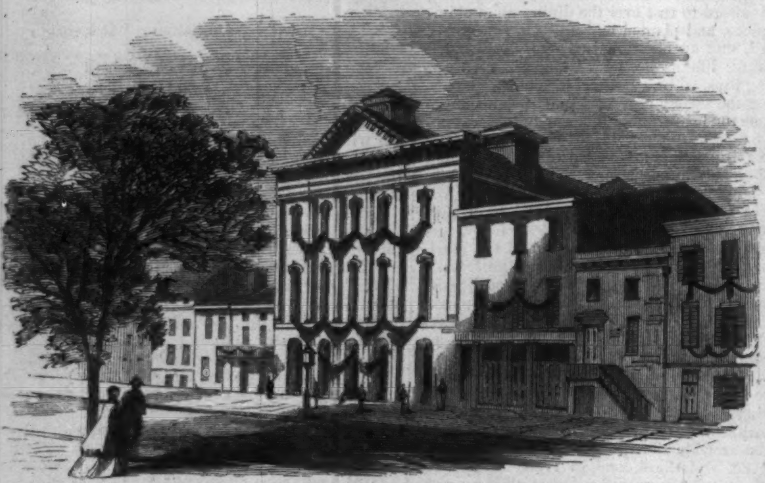
And so Saxon Trefalden put on his Sunday coat the following morning, and went forth like a lamb to the sacrifice.

"Perhaps she'll refuse me," thought he, as he knocked at Farmer Clauss's door and caught a glimpse of the fair Marie at an upper casement.

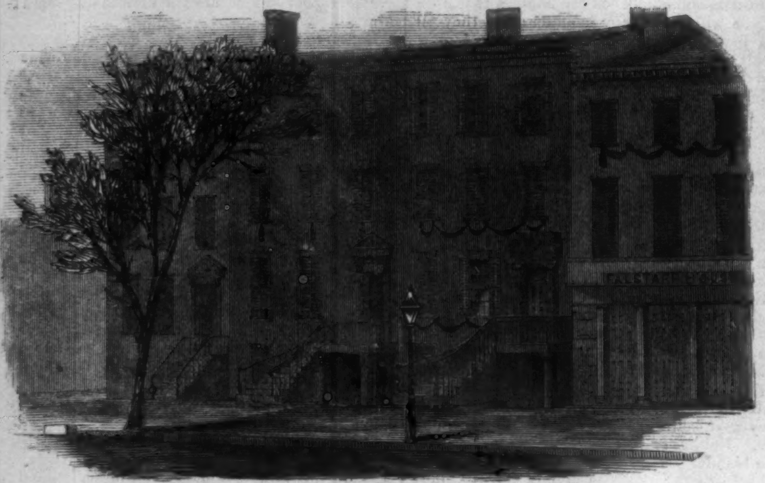
But that inexorable virgin did nothing of the kind.

She married him.

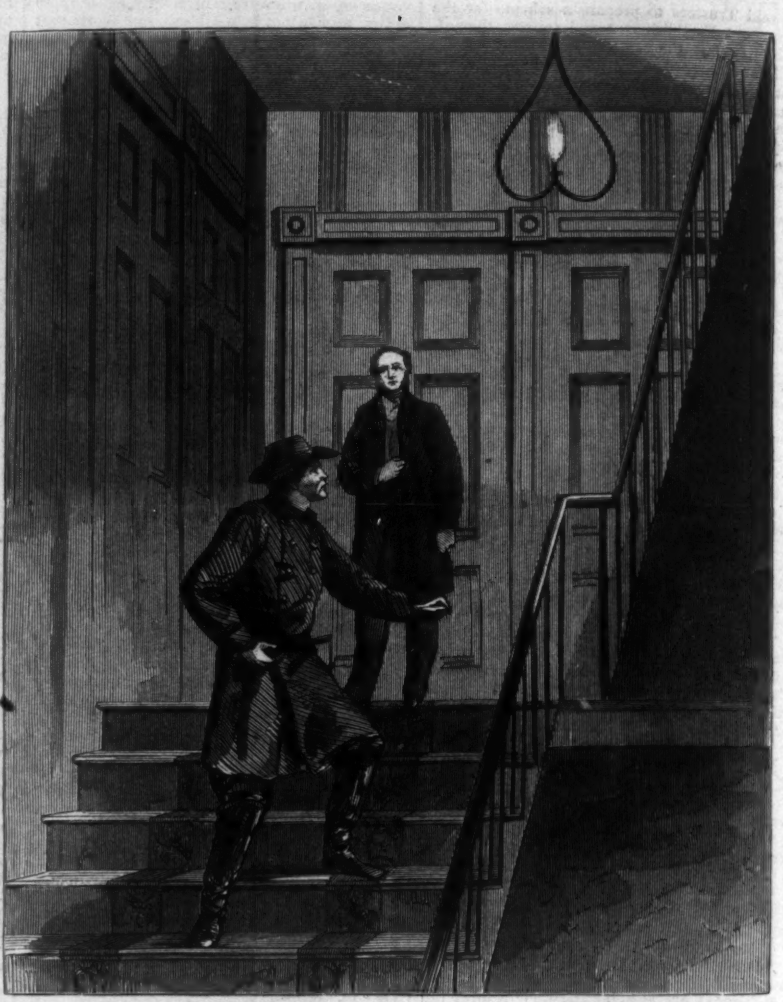
There were no ill-cooked dinners after that happy event had taken place. The old house became a marvel of cleanliness, and the bride proved herself a very Phœnix of prudence and housewifery. She reformed every thing—including the hapless brothers themselves. She banished their pipes, condemned old Carlo to his kennel, made stringent by-laws on the subject of boots, changed the hour of every meal, and, in short, made them both miserable. Worst of all, she was childless. This was their bitterest disappointment. They had given up their



FORD'S THEATRE AT WASHINGTON.


House where Mr. Lincoln died.

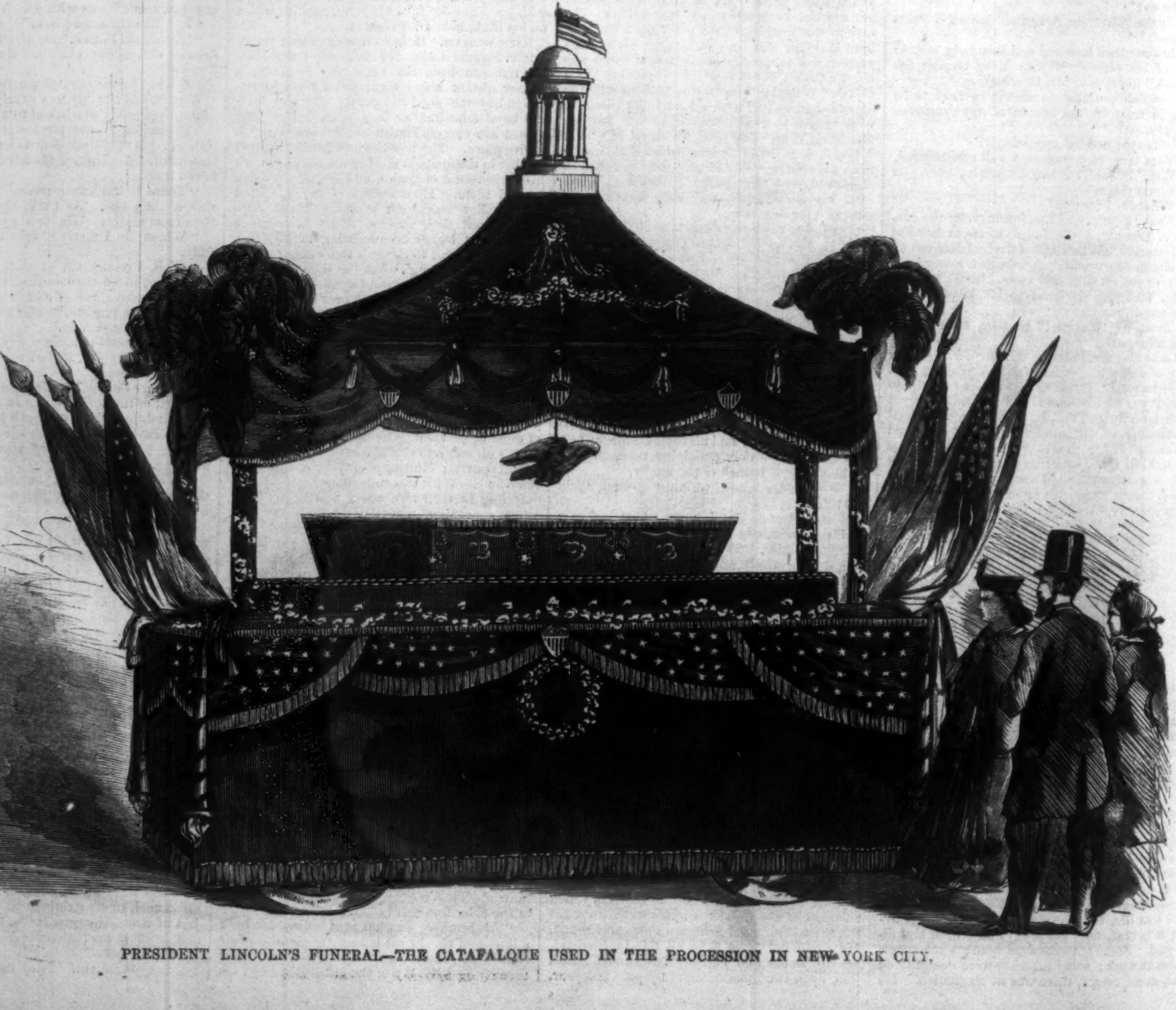
VIEW OF A PORTION OF 10th STREET, OPPOSITE FORD'S THEATRE.



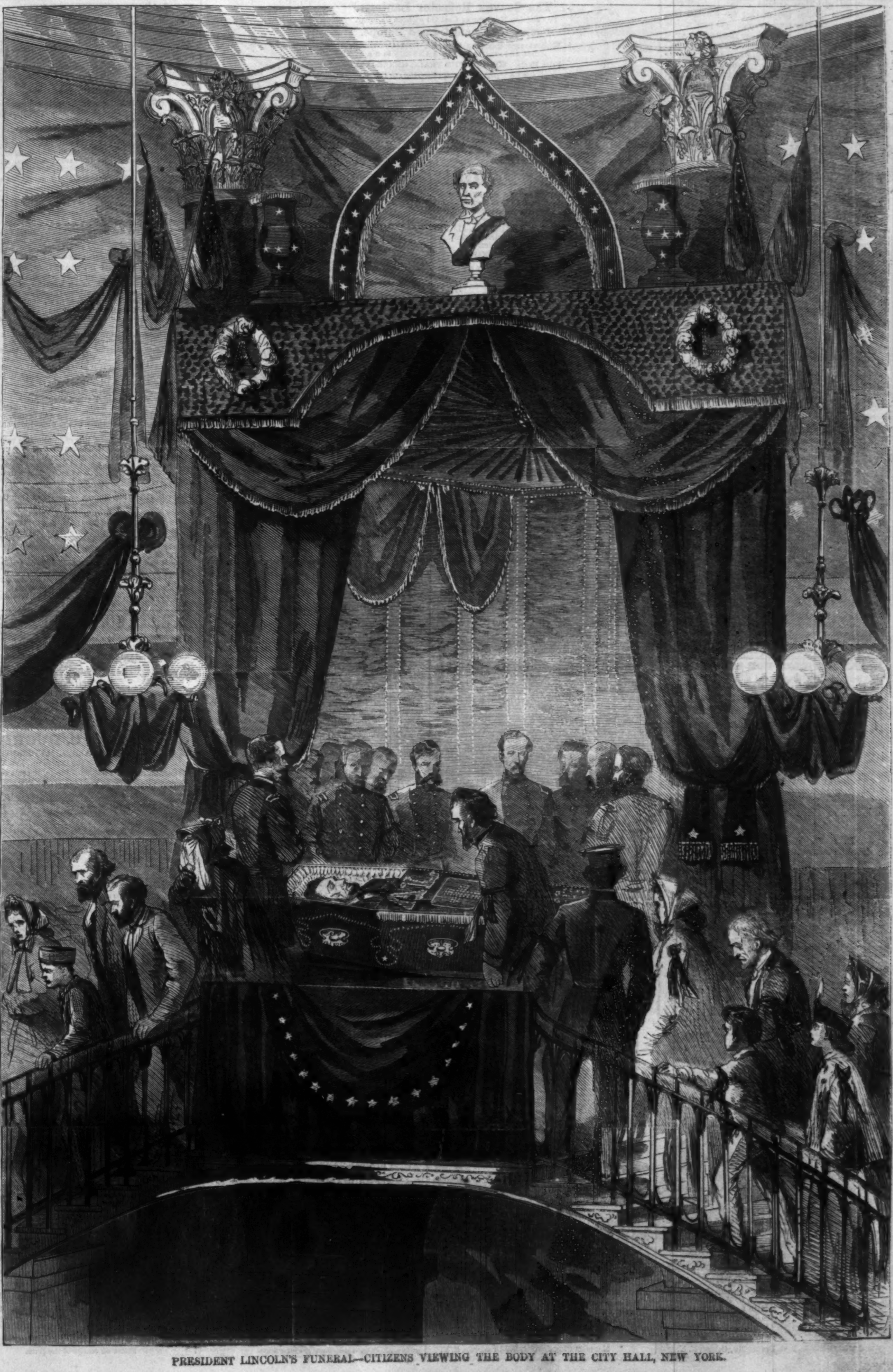
SECRETARY SEWARD'S ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION, April 14, 1865—THE ASSASSIN TURNING UPON Mr. FREDERICK SEWARD AT THE DOOR OF THE SICK-ROOM.

pipes, their peace, and their liberty for nothing. Poor Martin always looked very guilty if any allusion happened to be made to this subject.

Matters went on thus for seven years, and then, to the amazement of the village and the delight of the brothers, Madame Marie made her husband the happy father of a fine boy. Such a glorious baby was never seen. He had fair hair and blue eyes, and his father's nose; and they christened him Saxon; and the bells were rung; and the heir to the great fortune was born at last!



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—THE CATAFALQUE USED IN THE PROCESSION IN NEW-YORK CITY.



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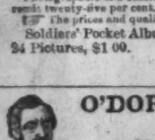

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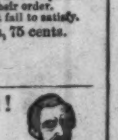

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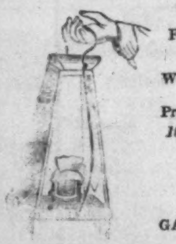

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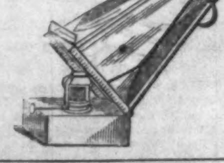

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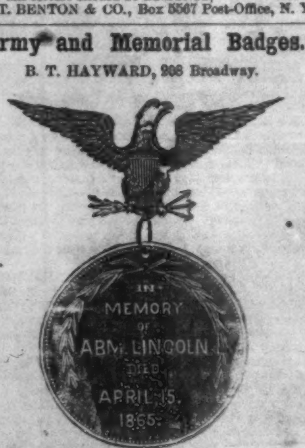

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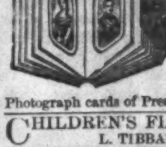

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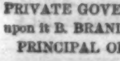

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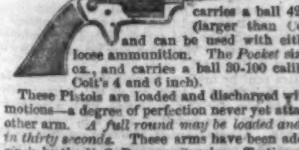

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Some time in 1856 an individual, who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being truly a *discovery*, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied in substance that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the *Compound* would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine! The *fortune* has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the *Compound*, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it or recommend it for such use.

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The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound.* It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praise.

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A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

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"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years for colds and coughs, and in some cases of serious kidney difficulties with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it always on hand.

From JAMES J. HOYT.
BRADFORD, N. H., Sept. 1860.

DR. POLAND,—In the fall of 1857 I took a very violent cold, which brought on a very severe cough, pain in side and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the *Kidney Complaint.* For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, choking up and raising an immense sight, with a bad cough after raising blood; I felt that my time here must be short unless I soon got relief. The Spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. But to my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I could rest nights without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, mother, and two sisters having died of it.

From STEPHEN BARTLETT.
BRADFORD, N. H., July, 1860.

DR. POLAND,—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of ten years' standing, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. But *two bottles* of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and Kidney Complaints. I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours, was so badly afflicted with a cough that she sat up only long enough to have her bed made, and we all thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only *one bottle* of your Compound, and it *cured* her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of many who know him—a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery.—*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

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1000	" Ice Pitchers	20	"	50
2500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers	20	"	50
5000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5	"	50
3000	" Castors	15	"	50
2000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20	"	50
5000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10	"	20
10,000	" " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20	"	40
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50	"	150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled-Case do.	35	"	70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35	"	70
200	Diamond Rings	50	"	100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4	"	20
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4	"	8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6	"	10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	"	20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4	"	10
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5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4	"	8
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5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4	"	11
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10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6	"	10
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Send 25 cents for Certificate.

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AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

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No. 167 Broadway, New York.

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Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June 11, 1864.*

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelry, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept. 3, 1864.*

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug. 6, 1864.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August 14, 1864.*

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August 17, 1864.*

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb. 15, 1865.*

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A NEAT SILVER WATCH, especially adapted for army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket*, etc. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* THERMOMETER, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect STORM, HEAT, and TIME INDICATOR. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* DOUBLE HUNTING, *Magic Spring* 19 *Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18-Carat *Gold*, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved Top and Bottom, with *Panel for Name*, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jeweled Action*, M. J. Tobias *movements*, Polished Cap, *Self-acting Click*, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of $100 watch, and used by the ROYAL ENGINEERS and *Officers* of the BRITISH ARMY, as their standard time-keeper. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade-mark. Price per single one, all complete, by mail, to any part of the army or country, $20. CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,
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HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman St., New York.

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